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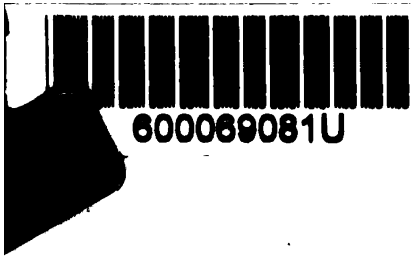
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THE

MAGIC OF WEALTH.

VOL. III.

THE

MAGIC OF WEALTH.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By T. S. SURR,

AUTHOR OF A WINTER IN LONDON, &c.

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THE

MAGIC OF WEALTH.

CHAPTER I.

SCENE I.

Mr. Oldways was alone in his library; where he had been devoting a morning to the task of arranging some family papers, and examining the accounts of Mr. Langford, his steward.

He had just laid down the pen, and was sitting in a posture of meditation, with an air of more than usual melancholy on his countenance, (for the employment had occasioned him some private tears) when his lovely daughter, after gently tapping at the door, half-opened it and peeped in.

" Are you very busy, Papa."

Mr. Oldways. Come in, my love.

Miss Oldways. I have brought you your bark—you neglected to take it yesterday—and I am sure you are not so well to-day.

Mr. Oldways, (*passing his hand across his forehead.*) I am not quite so well this morning — my head aches — and I have fatigued myself too much, with looking over some of Langford's letters and statements. The old man writes so very small a hand, that it absolutely strains my eyes to read it.

Miss Oldways. Indeed it has made them look exactly as if you had been crying—Ah, dear Sir! I hope—I hope—

Mr. Oldways (*sternly*) Maria, Maria, remember what you have often heard me say—I never could bear a prying and intrusively officious friend, much less can I tolerate these failings in my daughter. I never have kept my children at a cold and aweful distance; but I must have no

fishing hints — no half-questions in the shape of—'I hope,' or 'I am apprehensive;' however kindly meant.

Miss Oldways. I will be more careful. But, indeed, indeed, dear Sir, you do not look so well within these last few days, as they who love you, wish you did. Do you know that Charles and I have been saying, we think you miss your usual morning ride: for you certainly looked better before Dragon's lameness. Now Charles says, that he is sure my poney would carry you vastly well. Suppose, Papa, you were to try her a few mornings, till Dragon gets rid of his lameness.

Mr. Oldways, (*with an angry sneer.*) Suppose Miss Oldways provide a pillion, and ride behind her father round the village! Or what do you say to our extending the jog to market? Couldn't you carry a basket of eggs and poultry upon your arm? Possibly Charles and you have no conception,

that the exhibition would be at all degrading to the head of the family of Oldways; or in the least derogatory to the dignity of a Member for the county.

Miss Oldways. Wrong again! Wrong again!—

Mr. Oldways. Wrong! Why could Flimflam himself, or any of his giggling grooms, have possibly invented a more fruitful subject for their vulgar ribaldry. 'See there, see there!' cries Jack to Dick, and Dick to Tom, and Tom to Ned, 'there goes the member, mounted on his daughter's poney — let's ask master to furnish the *poor gentleman* with one of our rest horses, for the honour of the county.'

Miss Oldways. Oh, good Heavens! who could have imagined that such thoughts could possibly arise from such a suggestion? I am sure that Charles himself would suffer any torture, rather than make me the instrument of a moment's pain to one, so very dear to both of us.

Mr. Oldways, (rising from his chair, and walking across the library.) Maria, I am wrong—I feel I am ungrateful—He never can be reckoned poor, who possesses the affections of all around him—and I know my children, my tenants, my servants, love me.

Miss Oldways. Oh, yes — yes — every one, who knows, must, and does, love my father. — Indeed, indeed, dear Sir, there is no joy, no pleasure, that either my brother or myself ever conceived, which equals the gratification of administering to your happiness. Why, then, talk about these Flimflams, whose gaudy trappings and expensive fineries may make the vulgar gape, and wonder where they came from! I, for my own part, never should bestow a thought on their existence, did I not too often hear those loved lips pronounce their disagreeable names;—for then only, but always then I own, I do wish Flimflam's wealth was less—the ostentatious display of which so frets and vexes you.

Mr. Oldways, (*again angrily.*) Who says their ostentation frets and vexes me? To whom am I indebted for that insinuation? You could not have imagined it. Oh, I forget, you have been at Fimflamton; scandal I know runs always high at those sort of *higgle-de piggledy* assemblies: and the contrast of *poor* Oldways, and *rich* Flimflam, no doubt, furnishes delicious food to all the Snakes and Sneerwells of the day.

Miss Oldways, (*sorrowfully; taking his hand between both her own.*) Are you serious, Sir? Oh, yes, you are, indeed, angry with your poor Maria! Unhappy me—what shall I do? The prattle that once had power to charm away all cares from that loved brow, now, alas! wrinkles it with anger.

Mr. Oldways. Once more forgive me—forgive me, my dear child, an unmanly peevishness—a fretful irritability that I am ashamed of, but cannot conquer.

SCENE II.

Charles Oldways now entered the Library with several letters in his hand.

Charles Oldways. Here are the letters from London, Sir, and one (looking archly at his sister) from Beaumont Hall. It has an Earl's coronet, and is directed to Miss Oldways. What say you, Sir, shall I deliver it according to the address, or detain it upon suspicion of being a love letter?

Mr. Oldways. I am in no mood to jest, Charles; and yet I feel how great injustice I am guilty of to *you both*, to let my soured disposition and shattered nerves thus perpetually cast a gloom upon your natural vivacity. That letter for your sister, is an important one—I am apprised of its contents—take it, my dearest Maria, —give it your most deliberate attention; and assure yourself, that my sanction will follow your decision.—St. Orville is a noble-

minded youth, and has much of my esteem. His family is respectable, highly respectable,—his fortune will be very large. His manners and exterior are, I own, *too fashionably modern* for my taste; but, perhaps, not more so than those of the generality of our young noblemen—and his principles, as far as they have displayed themselves, have my entire approbation.—You will say this is pleading his cause—but hear the other side. We must not shut our eyes to the great disproportion between what it will be in my power to give my daughter, and such a fortune as the vast pretensions of the young Earl authorise him to expect, but which youthful partiality makes him at present overlook. We must not forget, that mere love, however disinterested it may be at *twenty-one*, will be succeeded by other sentiments in the course of time. Money—money, my children, is now a days so entirely the *every thing;* and ancient family

descent is deemed so mere a feather, that, noble-hearted as I know St. Orville is, I am not sure he *never* would repent a choice, in which the balance of wealth has no influence. Thus much I have remarked by way of caution—it is the apprehension of a fond, but proud parent; and I have felt it the more necessary to place it as a consideration on one side of this question, because candour compels me to acknowledge, that if this is without sufficient weight, I see nothing else that can preponderate against the merits of St. Orville, and the suitableness of his alliance with this family; if such should be the mutual wish of *him*, and the best, the very best of daughters.—

As he uttered the last words, he drew her with affectionate warmth to his bosom; then preventing all reply, and kissing away tears, which tenderest emotions had excited, he conducted her to the door of the library, smiling confidence

and encouragement into her agitated breast; and she with the unaffected fervour of gratitude and filial love, pressed again and again the hand of her father to her lips, as she retired.

SCENE III.

Mr. Charles had, according to usual practice, opened the other letters, examined their contents, and placed them in order for his father's perusal. One letter he had shuffled from first to last, and last to first, backwards and forwards, again and again.—Mr. Oldways, in the mean time, had taken two or three turns up and down the library. His son watched his countenance, and after an internal discussion of some minutes, he decided—and presenting the letter, that had caused him so much anxiety, on account of an event announced in it, said, "Here is a letter, Sir, from Florid, that will surprise you.—

Mr. Oldways. How so—Does it contain any symptoms of modesty or sincerity? Pray let us hear it.

Charles Oldways, (reading.)

'MY DEAR MR. OLDWAYS,

'You would not fail to collect from what passed at the last interview with M———, just before you quitted town, that there was great expectation of a change. It has taken place—or rather I should say, instead of change, rupture—for such a shattering of interests, of friends, and of principles, into fragments, past all capability of re union, never could have been contemplated.

'A dissolution must certainly take place almost immediately—I consider this as sure as if the proclamation for a new parliament had been issued; and therefore lose no time in apprising you, as I promised, of my own determination in respect to that event.—I will *not go in* with 101's

friends—I will not be train-bearer to 172 —poor 451 retires, at length, in real earnest, and for ever—I shall, therefore, sit for one of 603's boroughs upon the same terms that have hitherto governed his compacts: unless, upon seeing more probable grounds of *success*, I accept an invitation which has been much pressed upon me, to oppose 195; and stand for a popular return at ——. So much for myself.—As to you, my dear Sir, who are still I know guided by romantic notions of purity, which you must pardon me for smiling at, I really see no hope of your re-election for the county, on *mere whig interest*, against Flimflam, if he persists. I do not feel myself at liberty to tell you all the *new* arguments, which I *could* urge in support of my advice to retire in time, and with good grace, from an ineffectual contest with a *longer purse*; but those reasons must be still fresh in your memory; and all that I have since seen, *especially during a late fruitless*

negotiation, when the WILL *of the* HIGHEST *was as nothing to the* POWER *of the meanest,* confirms me more and more in my former conviction. Where the present daring spirit of barter will find its limits, I pretend not to divine; but never was the game of '*Who bids more,*' so boldly played.

'If with your eyes open to existing circumstances and modern systems, you will continue to *give* away your fortune, influence, and talents, *pro bono publico,* instead of carrying them, like every body else, to auction, the world will certainly conclude, that there must be a species of magic in virtuous poverty, with which you enchant your own feelings and imagination; but, believe me, none will attempt to explore the charm, with a view of trying it themselves.

'Absolutely, my dear Sir, I begin to fall into the opinion of those *practical* men, who, having always laughed in their sleeves at the long speeches which they have been

compelled to listen to from both sides of the House, consider every man *a fool*, who is *not a man of business*; or who, in other words, neglects his own interests. Yes, upon my honour, surveying the present state of things, I am led to ask, in what a patriot of our times differs from a *Knight Errant* of old?

'Is there, for instance, any thing more ludicrous in the self-devotion of *Don Quixote* to his *Dulcinea del Toboso*, than in that of a modern Visionary to *Public Virtue*? —Why should we laugh more heartily at the crazy Knight's reliance on his lean, spavined, and wind-galled *Rozinante*, than at their delusion, who fancy *soundness* and *stability* in *Public Opinion*? If Quixote's *rusty lance* and *pasteboard helmet* provoke our risibility, why should our mirth be less at that poor lunatic's mistake, who thinks he wields a weapon by rousing *Public Spirit*; and actually imagines *Public Rights* a *shield*?—Who, but ano-

ther Quixote, *thus equipped and armed*, would abandon the substantial comforts of private life, to sally forth a self-devoted champion, challenging to single combat, various gentlemen in hats or wigs, in gowns and bands, in frocks and pantaloons, in boots or gaiters, whom he mistakes for *Hydras of Corruption, Giants of Power, Sorcerers of Eloquence, or spoil-laden Robbers;* but who, to the sober senses of the rest of mankind, appear no such monsters; but seem merely men, fulfilling the duties they have been taught by their Catechism, that is to say, 'learning and labouring truly, *to get their own living*, in that state of life, to which they have been called!'

Mr. Oldways, (interrupting him.) Cold-hearted Epigrammist! How much out of his natural element has accident and connection placed him! A white wand in his hand, and a ready witticism on his lips, would have made him at least as good

a chamberlain as Polonius;—but oh! Genius of Britain, save us from such *Statesmen* as Florid! Well, let him pass —at best he is a trifle; self-loaded with a mock importance of mysterious consequence in cyphers! But the event which he announces, Charles, is to us by no means so insignificant as its herald—I own I did not expect it would arrive so speedily —I am unhappy at its approach.—The hour of decision is come, and I want courage to decide.

Charles Oldways. Could the genuine sentiments and wishes of the freeholders be expressed, their choice would again and again fall on him, who has so long and so disinterestedly served them. But, when the Magic of Wealth, and the influence of power, assail them on either side, who can answer for their firmness?

Mr. Oldways. Your view is a just one —we must not look for miracles. Flim-flam, supported by wealth, and counte-

nanced by ministers, will, no doubt, succeed—and I must endeavour to meet this fatal blow with fortitude. Yes, my dear Charles, I feel, *(placing his hand upon his heart)* I feel it will be fatal. My health of late has rapidly declined—I have struggled too long against a torrent.—A proud integrity, and paternal love, have induced me to resist the overwhelming flood, with an almost supernatural effort; but Flimflam, as long as he can keep possession of the magic talisman he holds, must continue to triumph over all resistance. We must yield to destiny; and, indeed, had I not been seduced by a feeling of pride, scarcely to be reconciled with duty, which nourished the wish that I might *die a member for the county*; and had I not, coward-like, expected an early realization of that wish, I should have unfolded to you long ago, the humiliating state of my finances, and my conviction

of the necessity of our retirement from Moreton. Oh, Charles! Charles!—

Charles Oldways. My Father! My dear Father! You are unwell.

Mr. Oldways. I'm better—it is over—a cold dew started on my brow, as the painful contrast of the past and future started up to my mind's view!—Charles, I have been carefully investigating some fresh statements of our faithful old Steward: and the conclusion, which Langford placed before me some time back, I find to be that of truth: namely, that *the produce of the same acres,* which enabled our ancestors, so late even as my father's time, to support with dignity the character and rank, which they bequeathed to us, *possesses not now that power.* It is of little use to enquire into *causes,* it is sufficient that *the effects are such.* What then remains? If we persist in keeping up the same establishment, in spite of the evident deficiency of our income, we must do so

by the no less impolitic, than cruel oppression of our tenants, in extorting rents, which they would be incapable of paying many years; or else we must adopt the fatal system of converting our estates into a species of *Land Bank*, which thus become pledged for our *promises to pay*, in future years, the accumulating deficiencies of the present times. This is the true state of the case, my dear Charles; and painful as the alternative is, I am deceived in my son, if he hesitates to agree with me, that there is more real dignity in retiring within the limits of our means, however circumscribed, than in having recourse to measures, which must either ruin our tenantry, or burthen our posterity.

Charles Oldways. That resolution is worthy of my father—you have removed a weight from this bosom, dear Sir, by communicating your determination—for, believe me, my heart has suffered much in contemplating the effects of the noble,

but fruitless efforts which you have exerted to stem the torrent of corruption.

Mr. Oldways. I have endeavoured, by my public and private conduct, to counteract the mischiefs which I see spreading fast around me; but what avail the struggles of a few solitary individuals against a general and prevailing system of flattering error! Delusion is the order of the day. Well, be it so, let fools and knaves play out the game: — I will not, cannot, have a hand in it. No sophistry can shake my firm conviction, that the revenues of my estate *can only in* REALITY *be that sum of rents, which my tenants can* AFFORD TO PAY, *and not that which they may be tempted or be terrified* TO PROMISE. And on this conviction, if we resolve to act, the real cause of our removal from Moreton, would be best masked by a tour abroad, which may be prolonged indefinitely, as future circumstances may direct us; either until this ancient seat of our ances-

tors crumble into fragments, and the name of Oldways be forgotten; or until principles of sound policy shall induce the government to adopt such reforms, as may restore to its natural and wholesome influence among the other orders of the state, the rank *of independent country gentlemen.*

Charles Oldways. Until then, doubtless, many families from the same cause will adopt similar resolutions. But let me call off your attention, dear Sir, from this subject for the present. Here is a letter from Mr. Lyttleton, intimating his intention of a visit to explain the extraordinary drawings of the apartment at Badshaw Hall.

Mr. Oldways. There is a piece of family biography connected with Bradshaw Hall, that I have long intended to communicate; but how this Lyttleton is connected with it I am to learn. The mystery in which that person involves himself, whether the effect of necessity or choice, creates a

suspicion, which prevents a frank intercourse on my part, until I know more of him; but we shall hear what he has to say.—What other letters are there?

Charles Oldways. Mere letters of business, which I can answer without further fatigue to you.

There was another topic which Charles had intended to have discussed with his father this morning, and which was, indeed, the one that most deeply interested his own feelings.—The present intercourse of the Oldways and the St. Orvilles had re-kindled a passion, the embers of which had never been totally extinguished in his breast, and he had recently been encouraged to new hopes by the object of that passion. He was aware, however, that such a theme would inevitably lead the mind of his father back to those pecuniary considerations, which, as society is constituted, must ever be mixed with arrangements of this

nature by the prudent. Smothering, therefore, his own emotions, he now sought only how best to reconcile the just, but lofty mind of Mr. Oldways, to the endurance of a destiny which appeared inevitable.

With this view he directed the conversation to the state of affairs on the continent; where the gory chariot of war was now happily arrested in its desolating course, by the olive branch of peace; and where the pacific intercourses of polished society were beginning to displace the sanguinary conflicts of disciplined banditti: thus affording *probability* to what, for so many years, had been considered almost a Romance —"*The Grand Tour of Europe.*"

CHAPTER II.

SCENE I.

In that part of the Hamlet of Moreton called the Valley, a spot no less celebrated for its picturesque beauty than its extraordinary fertility, stood one of the few remaining curiosities of the county,—AN OLD FARM HOUSE.

It was the dwelling place of the family of Farmer Wilson; and it had been that of his ancestors at a far distant date, beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitants of Moreton, and prior even to the earliest of its rustic records.

A spirit of veneration had retained its original plan and form, by a scrupulous restitution of such parts as the dilapidat-

ing hand of time destroyed; so that, at the present day, *South Farm* presented to the view as correct a specimen of ancient rural architecture, as its inhabitants displayed of old English manners.

A narrow rivulet, called *Middle Brook*, separated the lands of Farmer Wilson from the estate of his neighbour, Clinton, which was called "*North Farm*."

Old Wilson and old Clinton, in their boyish days, were play-fellows; but they were of a temperament and disposition diametrically opposite. Servility was the most prominent trait in the character of Clinton — inflexibility was the marking feature of Wilson's. This contrast, which displayed itself in their childhood, became more striking in their riper years; and the extraordinary circumstances of the times in which they lived, were peculiarly calculated to try the stuff that each was formed of. One grew like the sturdy and unbending English oak; the other more

resembled the Italian poplar. There was not on the whole surface of the British soil a man, whose heart glowed with more genuine patriotism, or beat with purer loyalty, than Wilson's :—yet, even at that crisis of general alarm, when almost every man in England became a *volunteer*, Wilson could never be induced to enrol himself in any corps.—" He could not truss his limbs," he said, " into a dragoon's pantaloons and jacket ; nor plaster and pomatum his rough locks to set off a spruce helmet : he was as ready as any man alive to use his pitch-fork or his scythe, or fire his blunderbuss against the enemies of his king and country ; but born and bred a farmer, he could never, would never, be a soldier."

Clinton, on the other hand, without one spark of patriotic feeling, without one sentiment of any kind, distinct from the impulse of self-interest, was ever foremost amongst the forward in boisterous declarations of his loyalty at parish and at county

meetings ; — he was zealously eager to *subscribe* away the *promise* of his last drop of blood, and his last shilling ; and as a volunteer, he was remarkable for his attention to drills and dinners ; and especially for the zeal of his bumper toasts, of loud huzzas to the Colonel Commandant, whose ear he always stunned, until his eye observed the homage of the most obsequious of all sycophants.

Again—Wilson was deemed a stubborn fellow, because he sturdily resisted on all occasions, that impolitic increase of rent, which experience convinced him, the produce of the soil, if fairly sold, could never pay :—while Clinton, with smiles and bows, readily yielded to whatever rent his superiors from avarice or extravagance extorted.

Thus acting under the guidance of common sense, Wilson had the mortification to see acre after acre severed from his tenure, and added to Clinton's overgrown

domains; who, in spite of all Wilson's predictions, still seemed to thrive!

How this could be, puzzled the uninitiated Wilson—he perceived and felt, that all the efforts of unremitting toil and industry, and all the cares of close economy, left him at each year's end still poorer than before; while Clinton, in spite of increasing rent and accumulating taxes, without any manual labour, contrived to live in the highest style, and grew into so great a man, that people had almost forgotten he ever was a farmer.

One clue, had Wilson known the mysteries of country-banking, would have unravelled all.—Clinton married a sister of the present Flimflam's father!

Soon after this connection, and about the time that *Flimflam's local notes* began to supersede the national currency of *Coin and Bank of England notes* in the surrounding districts, Clinton began to purchase whatever was offered to be

be sold; and it was no one's business to enquire, by what magic the purchase money was created. In the course of a few years old Clinton quitted North Farm, in the Valley, and taking up his residence at the County-town, became there, and in a score of other places, maltster, flour factor, brewer, brick-maker, lime-burner, timber merchant, builder, tanner, grazier, and CONTRACTOR—supplying government with every article needful in the prosecution of a war, from the first equipment of a fleet or army, to the very bread and meat allowed the prisoners, which that fleet or army captured.

In the mean time, one of his sons still lived on the Farm;—but *not in a Farm House!*

The appellation of "North Farm" was, indeed, still given to the fields which surrounded an elegant modern edifice, where once the Farm House stood; but, which fields, being now converted chiefly into

pasture, assumed rather the appearance of a gentleman's park and pleasure grounds, than of a Farm. A structure of brick, faced with artificial stone—with portico entrance in front—smart wings on either side—French windows with balconies and virandas, looking on a lawn and shrubbery, might naturally inspire the beholder with an idea of the occupier's wealth, his high rank, or his elegant taste; but never would suggest the notion of a Farmer's dwelling. The interior decorations, and the furniture transported from Bond Street Magazines of Fashion, were in perfect correspondence with the building; and the Farmer's wife, the gift of fortune, last season at Flimflamton, was *en suite* with the other elegancies of the mansion. She sung and played all the new airs with taste and science—she danced with grace—she was in all respects qualified for a London life;—but *Charles Clinton was a charming figure of a man*; and if his father would agree to a carriage

and a saddle-horse, a yearly visit to some watering-place, and two months London in the winter season, she would capitulate —and she did.

The Farmer himself certainly underwent some toil.—Hunting, coursing, shooting, horse-races, and reviews, each in season and by turns, exercised his corporeal functions; and his mental energies were sufficiently excited by a variety of cares. He had to pass his judgment on the last new improvements in *patent* ploughs, hoes, harrows, and *patent* implements of every description, from the London Agricultural Repository; — to attend the annual sheep-shearings of agricultural Lords, and shews of cattle at Ducal palaces;—to examine the reports of Stewards and Bailiffs, —study the projects of land-surveyors, and, arithmetically, to calculate the fluctuating worth of corn in granaries, (as extensive as a farm of former days) where *patent* contrivances were necessary to secure the

food of man from being eaten by the rats, until market prices had reached the average at which the gentleman farmer deemed himself indemnified for the *usurious interest* of a borrowed capital, and the *necessary* expences of a *gentleman's* establishment!

LYTTLETON, with LANCASTER for his companion, was now on his way to the "*Valley*," to visit, for the first time since his arrival in the neighbourhood, that far-famed spot.

As they reached an elevated spot, which commanded the enchanting and extensive view, including among other objects the modern "*North Farm*," and the ancient "*South Farm*," Lyttleton suddenly halted, and gazed with silent rapture on the scenes around him.

After a minute's pause he raised his eyes reverently towards Heaven; and, exclaimed—

"Hallowed be the moment which, after

so many wonderful vicissitudes, restores to me this long, long absent vision! With humblest gratitude let me on this spot adore that POWER DIVINE, which has protected me in dark and dreary deserts from prowling beasts of prey; — has spread health's mantle o'er this frame in cities, where the breath of pestilence has swept away surrounding thousands;—and more wondrous still, has rescued me from horrid whirlpools, formed by anarchy, in seas of human blood; and screened me, like one invisible, from the fangs of HIM, that DÆMON of AMBITION, on whose terrific altar millions of my fellow creatures have been offered up, *a human sacrifice to human power!*—How can the heart of him, that has experienced and escaped such perils, express its grateful rapture at beholding once again this peaceful vale—these well-remembered scenes of infancy. Lancaster, you, whose breast is warmed by sympathy's celestial glow, imagine, for I cannot declare,

my feelings, as now I gaze on yonder old Farm house, the only English home I ever knew!"

Lancaster. That Farm house!

Lyttleton. That old pile has been my imagination's picture many a sleeping, aye, and waking hour. These fields—that wood—the gentle stream that runs below—this tree-crowned hill, on which we stand—that mill upon the sister-hill to this—yonder spire of Moreton Church—and the more distant peeping turrets of Moreton Hall—every one of all these objects, which were in infancy impressed upon my memory, have ever since been treasured there! That white house *(pointing to North Farm)* is a new erection; several Farms have vanished; but *South Farm* still remains—and let philosophers smile at my puerility if they will, I own I have not felt so sweet a joy, of a mere selfish nature, as the sight of those old gothic casement windows, and that huge and lofty column of

chimneys, now affords me, blended with the anticipation of that happiness I am enabled to establish beneath its roof.

I had, you may believe, much difficulty to suppress my strong emotions, when Lord St. Orville first introduced me to Wilson, for we were mere lads when last we saw each other; I instantly recognised in the distressed farmer, my foster brother, and quondam playfellow, though my altered form and visage rekindled in his mind no recollection of the poor foundling thrust upon his father's care.

Lancaster. Poor foundling!

Lyttleton. Yes, Lancaster,—but we will endeavour to glean the foundling's story from the farmer's family, with whom it must be a tradition. Come, let us hasten down this zig-zag path, that leads us to the chesnut walk. We will surprise the honest Wilsons at their labour, or their meal;—but carefully restrain your wonder. Remember, I am only known to them as

owner of Moreton;—they little dream that I once called *South Farm my home.* Be secret, and on no account betray me.

SCENE II.

As Lyttleton and Lancaster walked through the grove of chesnut trees which formed an avenue to the house, the philosophic mind of the former seemed as it were making holiday. "I remember every one of those trees," said he. "On that gate, Wilson and I have swung one another by turns.—Ah! there, see the old granary is still standing! Once tumbling from that upper floor I had an early lesson, that taught me to shun ambition's rock—and '*not to break my neck with climbing.*'—I miss the dove cot, but there's the old gate that leads to the orchard—and there's the mulberry tree, with its circular bench, where many a merry carol has been chanted, and many an artless tale of love has caught the virgin's ear."

SCENE III.

They had now reached the spacious porch, where woodbine, jessamine, and roses displayed their beauties and disbursed their sweets; and entering without molestation, found themselves in the kitchen, where was an old man seated in a wicker chair in the wide chimney corner, listening to a little girl, who, perched on a wooden stool placed at his knee, was prattling to her grand-father, for whom, at the same time, she was knitting a pair of worsted hose against the winter.

The old man was Stokes, the miller, he was blind, and his grand daughter having her back towards the door, they both continued their artless dialogue unconscious of any listeners.

Child. And when the water comes back, uncle James can grind his corn again, can't he, grand-father?

Old Stokes. Yes, my dear, the mill will

then go round again, and uncle James and his two boys can go to work, and I shall go and hear them singing with joy again; and hear the music of the mill-stream too.

Child. What would you have done if the good gentleman had not come and made those wicked people turn the water back?

Old Stokes. The mill must have been broken up and sold.

Child. But how would father then have got his corn ground?

Old Stokes. He must have sent it to Clinton's mill, upon the hill, *that* works without water.

Child. That I'm *sure* father never would —he hates the Clintons so.

Old Stokes. We must not *hate* any *body*, Phœbe.

Child. But I'm sure I do. If you had been so wicked and so cruel as to put poor father into prison, and turn mother out of

farm, I should hate you, that I should, for all you are my grand-father.

As Lyttleton and Lancaster stood listening to this discourse, old *Wilson*, his *Son*, his *Wife*, and *Daughter*, entered together from an opposite door.

Old Wilson, (*starting with surprise*, threw down his coat and waistcoat that were hanging across his arm, clasped his hands together, and exclaimed in a bending attitude.)

"Kneel—kneel, wife!—Children, kneel to your benefactor, to the preserver of us all, whom Heaven has sent to us to save us from destruction and despair.

Wife, (*Running to the wicker chair.*) Father, here is the great rich squire of Moreton, our benefactor and preserver—kneel, father, and pray for him.

Old Stoles, (*Kneeling with uplifted and closed hands.*) Oh, God of nature, hear thy aged servant's humble supplication, and shower down upon our good benefac-

tor, thy choicest blessings in this world, and in that which is to come!

"Amen" was uttered from the heart by every hearer.

Lyttleton, (assisting Stokes to rise.) Accept my thanks, thou pious good old man; and teach me how to merit gratitude like yours.

Old Stokes. How kind, how gracious! — Good Sir, you bring the waters into these dark eyes of mine—pardon my boldness; but if you would permit me to feel those charitable hands, to press them to my lips—for it has pleased my maker to take back from me the sight he gave. I strive not to repine at his high will; but I do own I now deplore my loss more deeply than I have ever done since the birth of little Phœbe—I sighed when Heaven blessed me with a grand-child that I should never see; but I think I now regret still more my blindness, when an angel visits

our abode, and I can only imagine how such a being looks.

During this speech each other member of the family was studying, or practising some mode of shewing their respect and gratitude. Young Wilson had rubbed his hands and bowed—and placed the chairs—and smiled—and *looked* his honest heart's warm thanks, far more expressively than any tongue could speak them. Susan, the elder girl, a perfect rustic beauty, looked more beautiful at this moment than she had ever done before, for as she curtesied from time to time, a grateful joy beamed in her animated countenance, and gave a lustre to her eye, dazzling beyond description.

The little prattling Phœbe pulling the coat of Lyttleton, looked up with a smile into his face,—he raised her in his arms, kissed, and blessed her.

Dame Wilson, recovering from surprise, began to think of such attentions to her

honoured guests as hospitality of old displayed; and Wilson at length finding words, poured forth a strain of manly gratitude, in which he could not help a few harsh expressions against the Clintons, and their patron Flimflam.

Lyttleton. Well, well, honest Wilson, forgive them—forgive them—assure yourself of my utmost protection, and turn all your energies now to a reparation of ills; the offspring doubtless of oppression. But we have all our faults. They charge you with obstinacy.

Wilson. Resistance to tyranny must be called something else by tyrants:—but you, Sir, do not in your heart condemn that struggle, which I have undergone, to save this mansion of my forefathers from the fate that has levelled one after another—at least a dozen as large farms, within half-a-dozen years.

Lyttleton, (with energy.) Levelled! This mansion levelled! Moreton Hall shall be

ploughed over first. (*Recollecting himself, and turning himself to Lancaster.*) Would it not be sacrilege to unroof this ancient tenement? And for what?

Wilson. Aye, Sir, for what indeed? I'll tell you for what—please cast your eye about a furlong to the right of the entrance to our chesnut walk.

Lancaster. Well.

Wilson. Don't you perceive a hovel—a kind of shed? That's all that remains of a farm, which I remember well. It was called Oak Farm, and one Giles's family rented it for many, many years, of the Duke of Leanlands,—a better creature never breathed—a cleverer fellow never was about a farm than Ralph Giles.

Wife. Nor ever was there a tidier body than farmer Giles's wife—her dairy was a sight worth going miles to see—and at market no one had a chance to sell till Fanny Giles's poultry and eggs were off,

for Giles gave all the poultry profits to his daughter Fanny.

Bill Wilson. As buxom alike a lass she was as any in the land.

Lyttleton. Well, but what has become of them?

Wilson. That's what I am going to tell about—'tis now about four years ago.—

Wife. Four years at Michaelmas exactly, Lad.

Wilson. Ralph Giles and I were neighbourly—and our boys and girls were kind like to each other—and though there was a little rivalship with my old woman and dame Giles, about the butter, yet they were both good-hearted; and so we were no strangers at Oak Farm, nor Giles's folks at South Farm, you may be sure. One day, about the time I speak of, Ralph Giles had been to pay his rent, and as he returned he called in here—never shall I forget his looks—I did imagine that he was struck by death's own dart—his

ruddy cheeks looked white as turnips, and his hair stood an end like bristles. Awhile he could not speak—at length he seized my hand, his own was cold as stone, and stammered out the words—'Oh, my poor family! Wilson, I darn't go home, such a sudden stroke will kill them all—ruin! ruin!

Lyttleton. What had the unhappy man been doing?

Wilson. Paying his rent.

Lyttleton. How could that ruin him?

Wilson. Ah! bless you, Sir, you speak as if things *were* as they used to be in former days—*then* rent-day was a holiday for honest tenants, who knew their own landlords then; and many who had outlived their lord, paid rent to the son. But now one never knows this quarter-day, who'll be our landlord next, and in the main it little matters who: for lawyer-folks and banker-folks between them are the forestallers of our rents; and we do

go to banking shops or lawyers offices to carry rent, and not to noble mansions, and merry halls, as we did use to do.

Wife. Aye, those were days for farmers, and farmer's wives. The fear then was, that tenants would come home too *merry*, and too *mellow* :—now their looks are watched to see if rent be raised, or notice served *to quit.*

Wilson. That was poor Giles's fatal stroke, for as he spoke of *ruin*, he put into my hand a bit of paper, signed by that d——d lawyer, Flint—*I beg your pardon.*—It was a notice to quit the Farm—and I thought I should have been struck as bad as poor Ralph Giles himself.

Lyttleton. But the Duke of Leanlands is a patriot, and a man of feeling.

Wilson. So much the worse, he should be so weak and be so imposed upon. All power, Sir, be out of his own hands. His Steward, old Johnson, who many living knew, when nothing but a plough boy,

has now got my lord Duke quite under his thumb; and Johnson himself be made a tool by one of Flint's poor clients, a Mr. Fudge one of your *London Philosophy Society experimental folks*, who would have Ralph Giles's farm down over his head, and turn out into the wide world unprovided for, a family of honest souls; and all for what? Why, to make experiments in raising different sorts of grass.—Yes—sure as you stand there, as good a piece of land as ever yielded grain, to please the fancy of this author-man, was all laid down in grass!

Lyttleton. Were there no representations made, no remonstrances on the behalf of the family, who had been so many years tenants of the Duke and his ancestors.

Wilson. Oh! yes, Sir, much was said, but all in vain. To tell the truth, I was bold enough one day to stop the Duke himself on horseback, as he passed Oak

Farm, when I was standing in the road. Under pretext of shewing a great curiosity to his Grace, I begged him to dismount and look at an old piece of writing on a stone, fixed over the great chimney in the kitchen at Oak Farm, with the Duke's coat of arms at top of it. His Grace had heard of it, but till then he never saw it. It was an account of a tough siege which this very farm house stood, to shelter Lord John, one of the Duke's ancestors, in the civil wars—when the farmer of that day, Roger Giles, lost three of his sons and a brother, in defending and keeping this very farm against the rebels;—and scores of bullets were shewn to him sticking, even then, in different parts about the building. Giles was too down-hearted to say a word in his own behalf; and to be sure a man can always speak better for others than himself, so plucking up courage, I said, and please you, my lord Duke, said I, I thought your Grace might have forgot that there

was such a story as this, so much to the honour of this family, now about to be turned out into the wide world. 'Why, Johnson told me,' said the simple Duke, (I beg his Grace's pardon) 'that the rent was scarcely made, and that Giles might do much better—I leave these things entirely to Johnson.' He mounted his horse and rode away—I could see his heart was touched; but his pity, without power, will not much serve his tenants; great folks must be *long-headed*, as well as *kind-hearted*, if they would do good in these times.

Lyttleton. You interest me for this family—go on. I hope it is not too late to serve them.

Wilson, (shaking his head significantly.) Ah, Sir, It is too late—you shall hear:—Young Giles was to be married that very quarter to a rich farmer's daughter, who, as soon as this blow fell upon the family, like a scoundrel, turned his back upon them, and put his curse upon his only child, if she

dared fulfil her promise and marry Giles's son. The youth half-crazed between disappointed love, and the ruin of his family, in despair went to sea, and has never since been heard of. Another son enlisted for a soldier, took to hard-drinking, and soon died. The pretty Fanny went to service, in the hope of gaining something to add to the comforts of her parents, and got her heart entangled by the insinuating addresses of a young gentleman of fortune, whose object was seduction:—she saved her virtue, but she has lost her wits; and, thank God, I am able once again, through your kind-hearted interference, to give her a shelter *here*. Now in her wild, yet harmless flights, poor crazy creature, she flies to yonder hovel, (which is the only stick or stone of her late happy home remaining,) where she sometimes stays for hours; and, in imagination, feeds her poultry, calls the chickens round her, talks to her mother

about the dairy, and runs into a thousand wild vagaries.

Wife. Then again, sometimes her wildness takes another turn, and she will fancy herself married and a grand lady, and sings such songs as makes one's heart ache to hear.

Lyttleton. But the old people—where are they?

Old Stokes. In Heaven, worthy Sir, we humbly hope!

Wilson. They died within twelve months after their ejectment from the farm, of broken hearts, one after the other, not a month between. I saw their bones laid in Moreton-Church-yard. — When the old farm-house was pulled down, and all the materials sold by auction, I took care to have the stone that told *so much for the Giles's, so much against the Duke,* and placed it upon their graves. His Grace's family walk over it to Church; but many a farmer stops and reads it with a sigh.

Lyttleton. What became of the poor crazy Fanny, while Clinton had possession of the farm?

Wilson. She went with my good woman and my daughter to the mill, where my blind father-in-law protected her. For though the mill stopped when the stream was turned, father had hoarded up a little, and with his two sons' labour, he contrived to find bread for them all. Yet so nearly exhausted was the little store, when, like an angel sent from Heaven, you restored us to this home, that the very morning after my arrival, without my knowledge, he went on a fool's errand to try to soften lawyer Flint's hard heart—I hardly can forgive him for it.

Lyttleton. Flint's power is ended—there is a name opposed to it, which you must pronounce, and learn your children's children to lisp with praise. And when, hereafter, you hear avarice or cruelty ascribed to any agent of the law, remember, that

in the list of lawyers, if there be a FLINT, there also is a ROMILLY; whose philanthropic spirit labours with undaunted energy to render *Law* synonymous with *Righteousness*, and to establish *Public Justice* on pillars of *Humanity* and *Mercy!*

In his hands I implicitly entrust your cause; and, therefore, do not you, my honest Wilson, give one more thought to Flint, to Clinton, or to Flimflam; but apply yourself zealously to work:—see what stock or implements you want, what buildings need repairing, and, in short, give a renovated aspect to South Farm, which must be dear to you, as the abode of your forefathers, and the birth-place of yourself and children.—Pray now how many do you remember born beneath this roof? (*Significantly looking at Lancaster.*)

Wilson. My dame here has presented me with five, four of which be living: and I remember the birth of two brothers. — I also had a foster brother. — Poor

fellow, his was a strange sort of story; but I beg pardon, I believe joy makes my tongue run too fast.

Lyttleton. By no means—you afford us much pleasure.

Wilson. The story, as I have often heard both my father and mother relate it, was this:—

One frosty moon-light night, in the month of January, in the year 1748, as my father was coming home from a visit he had been making at Oak Farm, just as he was turning out of the road into our chesnut-walk, he noticed a horse fastened by the bridle to the stile, which leads into the Moreton road; and looking down the walk, he observed a man wrapped up in a horseman's cloak, with a slouched hat pulled over his face, coming towards our porch, then returning, as if he did not know what to do: and as soon as he heard father's footsteps, he attempted to conceal himself. When he perceived, however,

that it was father, he came boldly forward—and presenting a pistol at arm's length, said in a sort of sham hoarse voice, 'Farmer, I mean you no harm—I am no robber—but your life must answer for your disobedience.—Your wife has an infant at her breast.—Farmer, here is an infant also, newly born, whose lips are craving nature's food, which a cruel destiny prevents a mother from affording. Quick, farmer, quick, the frost is nipping—take this, you will find gold in the basket; but your own heart, that God has so lately quickened with a father's feelings, *that*, *that* is my best surety, that *you* cannot let this babe perish.'

As he said this, he drew from beneath his cloak a wicker basket, covered over with flannels.—Father said his arms received it of their own accord, without a thought of what he was adoing.—The man beseeched him to hurry to the porch, while he went towards his horse—

he mounted—as soon as father lifted up the latch, he set spurs and disappeared for ever.

[Frequently during this artless narrative, Lancaster's penetrating eyes were rivetted on the countenance of Lyttleton, watching the expressions of his feelings; but such was the mastery of his mind, that neither Wilson nor any one, save Lancaster, could have imagined that *the tale was told of him.*]

Lyttleton. You, Master Wilson, were *not able* to repulse the little interloper from your nest; but how did the parent bird receive the stranger?

Wilson. As if it had been her own.

Lyttleton. I suppose there was with the infant some writing or token, by way of explanation?

Wilson. Not a scrap of paper, nor a syllable of writing. There was nothing but a little bag made of Scotch plaid, which contained a hundred golden guineas

—at that time of day a wondrous large sum!

Lyttleton. So in this way you got a foster-brother. Well, and what became of him? Is he living still?

Wilson. There's the mystery again; but I am tedious I fear.

Lancaster. Indeed this story interests *me*, at least, more than I am able to express—you cannot be too particular.

(Lyttleton could scarcely suppress a smile.)

Wilson. Because the money bag was Scotch, mother would have had him christened *James*, (for mother's family on her mother's side were Scotch) but father would not consent, but called him William. Father was always a dear boy for liberty and protestant succession. But mind now how differently things turn out, to poor frail mortals' plans. As we grew up William and I were always taken for brothers—we were, indeed, fonder of each

other than brothers mostly be—for though father never made a secret of William's story, yet in a few years it was almost forgotten. — When, however, we were about nine years old, or there aways, (I never shall forget it, for it was the first pang of grief I felt, and the feeling very oft' returns) I lost my companion, my friend, my brother!

Lyttleton, (feigning eagerness to conceal his emotion.) Did he die?

Wilson. Worse than that! I fear he was trepaned. William was of much quicker parts than me: he had gone through his Testament, before I was cleverly master of my horn-book; and being very fond of reading, he would often in the summer time stroll in the fields and take the Bible with him (for we had no other book at that time.) One fine evening he staid out later alone than he had ever done before; and upon being questioned where he had been, you cannot imagine, Sir, how he

surprised us all by his discourse—he seemed, as my mother called it, inspired; but my father said the boy was going mad. This was the cause. In his walks he met, as he described him, a venerable old man, with silver locks, who perceiving him employed in reading, spoke to him upon the nature of his book, and seemed to shudder that it was an English Bible:—and strove to make the boy believe it was a sin to read it. Then, Sir, William repeated how he answered the old man, and used such arguments, as I have heard my mother often say brought tears of rapture into her eyes. She declared he was an inspired child, and that she was sure he was ordained for some great purpose—at which my father frowned, and said in a more angry tone than he had ever spoke before, that such idle saunterings, and chatterings with strangers, would never do him good; and warned him not to speak again to the old Papist, as he called the

stranger.—That night, when we retired to bed, William's eyes streamed tears. His head was surely turned a little, for he could talk of nothing but what this old man had told him; of books describing foreign countries; and of knowledge which might be gained, if he could go to schools, but which he never could expect to know if he remained a farmer's boy.

Next day, and next, and so on for many days, William continued to hold a secret intercourse with this old man. I was his confidant, to whom, at night, he constantly related all the wonders with which his mind was filled by day. After several months had thus gone on, one evening William was absent, and no one knew where. Evening passed, night followed, and no William came. I was questioned, and told all I knew; but every enquiry ended in mere guessing. Father at length made up his mind, that some how or other the old man was connected with poor William's

family; and that being *Papists*, perhaps, too, they were *Jacobites*, and we should hear no more of him, as ten to one he was carried away to the Pope at Rome!

Lyttleton. And since then you have never seen or heard of your foundling foster-brother? Nor have ever made any further discovery of his parents?

Wilson. No, poor fellow, never.—I have cried often, when I was a boy, as I have thought of the gambols we once had together in those fields, and in every room of this house; and since I have grown older, I still feel a pain whenever I think of him; for among all these barbarous doings that have happened of late years, in foreign parts, there is little doubt but in some of these massacres he has been murdered by one side or other.

Lyttleton. Let us hope not, my dear fellow, (*checking himself*) honest Wilson I mean, your kind heart has so won my affections, that ceremony must yield while

I shake by the hand so—so—noble a fellow. And as to William, don't even yet despair, for I *know one*, who was absent quite as long *as he has been*, and who has gone through as many dangers as he possibly could encounter, be they ever so numerous; and I have had the pleasure of knowing this very day, that that person has returned to England, and is as well and as *happy as I am*.—Is'nt he Lancaster?

Lancaster. And bids fair to continue so as long.

Wilson. If he is but as rich, Sir, and do as much good with his riches, I hope he will.

Lyttleton. I know him well; and my opinion of him is, that in similar situations, *he and I shall always act the same.*

Wilson. Why, then, God bless him, say I.

"And *I*, and *I*, and *I*," said all the farmer's family. Shortly afterwards Lyttleton took his leave, assuring his unconscious

foster-brother. with another hearty shaking of the hand, that he could not help thinking, Fortune would o e day or other direct back the steps of the Foundling to the hospitable roof that had sheltered him; gratefully to acknowledge and repay the debt which he owed to the family of farmer Wilson.

CHAPTER III.

SCENE I.

LYTTLETON and his companion had proceeded some distance, on their return to Flimflamton, in silence, when the former said with a smile :—

"Now are you exercising your romantic imagination for some ingenious solution of the character and conduct of this old man, who spirited away the '*Foundling of the Valley.*'"

Lancaster. I acknowledge that my mind wanders in that direction. My curiosity would have been excited by the honest farmer's story, had it related to a stranger ; what, then, must my feelings have been, when, in the hero of his tale, I contemplated the origin of one——

Lyttleton. Who has an insuperable objection to hearing himself talked of. It is my intention, however, to make you acquainted with such parts of my own story, as are connected by a chain of consequences with my present situation. Recollect, then, that when I quitted *South Farm*, in the manner you have heard, I was scarcely ten years old; and that the whole of my history, as far as it was known to my foster-parents, had been unreservedly revealed to me.

The impressions created on my mind at that early period, by the knowledge of my alien and outcast state, doubtless, tended in a great degree to the formation of my character.

It rarely happens that a spirit of enquiry is generated in the minds of boys of six or seven years old, by the usual incidents or objects of common life; but I was thus early reminded, by circumstances and expressions, trivial in themselves, and un-

heeded by others, that *I alone* was a *stranger* in a family circle. Though nothing could be kinder than was the conduct of the Wilsons, yet there was a difference in the nature of their affection to their own children, and their *good will* to me, which they were too unsophisticated to be able to disguise; and which I, infant as I was, had too much sensibility to overlook. The observation of this distinction, led to a train of thoughts that rarely agitate the minds of children; and by causing me to meditate *upon*, and, as it were, to reason *from myself*, occasioned the constant exercise of my mental faculties; and thus compelled me to become, what I have ever since remained,—an ENQUIRER.

But to the text of my tale, notes and commentaries must be deferred till opportunities of ampler leisure.

The first time that I saw Father Bonoretti, the old man alluded to by Wil-

son, I was only seven years old. He appeared again in the same fields to me, about a year afterwards; and again, for the third time, when I was between nine and ten years of age. At this period it was, that he began to converse with me, and appeared to take a sort of paternal interest in my concerns. His visits afterwards became stated, and by appointment.

I always joyfully consented to meet the Father Bonoretti, whose discourse fascinated me beyond all power of description; for he it was, who first made me susceptible of the pleasures of imagination. He would tell me of towns and cities, of noble mansions, and stately palaces; but he especially delighted to dwell on the description of splendid temples, devoted to the solemnities of worship; and fired my youthful fancy with glowing descriptions of blazing altars decked with gold, and holy incense, and seraphic choirs!

He had already won my heart, when

one evening he formally proposed to me to quit for ever the humble and (since I had known him) *dull* home, where no paternal tie restrained me. Cheerfully I acceded; but, in the simplicity of my nature, I desired to acquaint my foster-parents with my intention to relinquish the rustic life I led, and go with him into that wondrous world which he had described to me.

The first trial of his power over me commenced the instant that such a proposition had passed my lips. He uncovered his hoary head, drew forth from his breast an ivory crucifix, and knelt and prayed for several minutes. I had not power to stir. I was as an automaton in his hands, without will or power, but in obedience to him.—Rising himself, he then bade me to kneel, and placing, with much solemnity, his left hand upon my head, with his right hand elevated in an attitude of admonition, he said, 'Hear me, my child, mark and obey! You never must

return to yonder roof, for you are chosen to a high and splendid destiny.—Take from this hour the name of Charles: what other appellation shall follow, depends upon the incidents of to-morrow.—Remember, I am your spiritual father; and whatever you may henceforth see, or hear, ask nor answer any questions, but by my permission; and above all, never dare to deceive me, who am the keeper of your destiny, either by concealing, or misrepresenting any thought, word, or deed! As so you act, may you be saved or lost for ever!'—The terror, under which I listened to this ejaculation, made me almost insensible to some ceremonies which he added.

As soon as I recovered self-possession, I could not help asking leave, at least, 'to say farewell to my foster-brother,'—'No'—was the stern reply.

At that instant an impulse governed me, which, had it lasted but a moment longer, the whole tenor of my life would have been

altered:—my heart said *run*, and my heel was almost off the ground, when the arbiter of my fate, looking me fully in the face, took my hand, and with a countenance displaying the tender yearnings of parental solicitude and affection, at once dissipated all my terrors and all my regrets, as he said:—

'Now, Charles, you shall soon know what it is to have a father.'

I proceeded by his side. — Our way lay across *Mill-hill*, the opposite hill to that on which we stood this morning. From that eminence I took the last survey of the landscape of my infancy;—and from that moment braced up my nerves to manly firmness. The principle of curiosity, by degrees, superseded all others, and grew stronger the further I departed from the roof I had called my home; and thoughts and conjectures as to what I should see, where I should go, and what I should be, occupied my mind. At length we reached

the village of Thistleton, that spot on which Flimflamton is erected. We stopped at a magnificent mansion, one of the proudest of its times, belonging to Sir Thomas Alder. My conductor applied his key to a private gate of the park, and we entered a stately avenue which led to the back front of the mansion.

In the approach, and in the passages, we passed a number of domestics, who bowed with great reverence to the Priest, and strained their eyes with wonder at my unexpected appearance. I remarked, that they were all in deep mourning; and that an air of silence and melancholy pervaded every apartment through which we proceeded. In a large room, furnished, as were all the apartments, in the most magnificent style of the age, Bonoretti left me, for a short time, and then returned in company with an elderly lady, who fixed her eyes steadfastly upon me, and surveyed me attentively from head to foot.

They were then joined by a gentleman, who, as I afterwards learned, was the family Physician: a short conference was held, the result of which was, a determination to put in practice a plan which Bonoretti had conceived, for the recovery of Sir Thomas, from a state of melancholy derangement of mind, occasioned by inconsolable grief for the loss of his heir and only child.

The Baronet had been childless for many years after his marriage, and at length when an heir was born, he had that same hour to lament the loss of an amiable and beloved wife. This son had fed his hopes of earthly happiness for the short period of nine years, and then had been snatched suddenly away by death. The effect of this bereavement, on a mind naturally weak, was little short of its total overthrow. It was necessary to use force to tear the living from the dead;—and the funeral obsequies were,

from time to time, deferred, in order to tranquillize paroxysms of the wildest grief.

It was now the melancholy pleasure of the unhappy Sir Thomas to spend whole days, alone, in the chamber where his son had died, and in which the apparel he had last worn, remained as he had cast it off. He would not suffer the least alteration to be made in the position of a single article in the room; but keeping the key in his own possession, converted the apartment into a shrine of solitary woe; where hours after hours he occupied himself in the weak indulgence of his fruitless sorrow.

A whole length portrait of the boy, finished only a short time before his decease, was the constant companion of his meals, being always placed in a chair at the foot of the table; and when he retired to his chamber for the night, this pictured image of his departed Charles took its position near his couch.

In vain had every art been tried to recall the mind of the unhappy Baronet from these melancholy aberrations; no species of amusement, no kind of diversion, possessed sufficient charm. Conversation was insufferable to him; and he could not tolerate the presence of his sister, or any person whatsoever, except the pious Bonoretti. Even with him he would converse on no other topic than his Charles; and in these discourses he would address himself frequently to the portrait, and appeal to it, as to a sensible object. This latter circumstance suggested to Bonoretti the experiment of substituting a living resemblance, and I was chosen for the trial. My age, my size, my figure, and the general outline of my features, favoured the design; and a dress, similar to that of the portrait, being provided for me, I was speedily metamorphosed from a peasant boy into a young Chevalier of the court of Charles II.

a favourite *costume* with Sir Thomas, who was a secret adherent of the Stuart family; having actually afforded private aid to the wild attempt of the young Pretender in Scotland, about thirteen years before the period of the circumstances I am now describing.

After I was dressed in character, Bonoretti proceeded to instruct me in the part I was to perform in this extraordinary pantomime; which, to me, was extremely simple and easy, requiring neither speech nor gesture.—I was ordered to conceal myself behind some shrubs, at the extremity of a noble terrace in the garden, where the melancholy Baronet took his daily walks; and in the centre of which was a fine statue of a kneeling negro, which supported a sun dial.—As soon as Sir Thomas approached this statue, *I was suddenly to appear*, and to advance towards him.

The effect desired, and expected to result from this scene, was such an excitement of the feelings of the patient, as would arouse him from a state of melancholy torpor, which rendered him totally regardless of every object.—And so striking, it seems, was my resemblance to the deceased Charles Alder, that Mrs. Alice, the Baronet's sister, expressed her conviction, that not only would the stratagem succeed in that view, but that I should hereafter fill the place of a son to her unfortunate brother.

At length arrived the moment, when this singular experiment was to be put in practice.

I had not long taken my station when I beheld, for the first time, the unhappy Sir Thomas come forth from the Orangery upon the terrace, with Benoretti on his right hand, and the Physician following him. He was extremely thin and pale;

and his eyes, dull and heavy, were never raised from the ground; his arms were folded across his breast, and his step was slow and languid.

He was now very near the statue—I trembled—my knees tottered. I felt as if what I was about to do was criminal, yet I dared not to hesitate. I APPEARED. —That moment such a shriek was uttered, as would have pierced the heart that never felt before; and the unfortunate victim of this delusion sunk instantly on the earth in strong hysterical convulsions, which speedily brought on his dissolution.

The scene that immediately followed the fatal termination of this project, and its influence on the destinies of the house of Alder, it is not necessary to detail. Suffice it to say, that the death of the Baronet, depriving Bonoretti of his Patron, and frustrating his hopes, relative to my domesticating in the family, he resolved

to repair to Rome, where he had powerful connections.

It is impossible to convey to you an adequate idea of the joy I felt at the announcement, that I was to accompany the Italian on this journey. Such a spirit of adventure had gained possession of my young mind, and such a strong desire of visiting foreign realms had seized me, that I should gladly have commenced my travels to either extremity of the globe. My joy, however, was considerably damped, and my resolution shaken, by the officiousness of Mrs. Alice, who having repeatedly evinced a deep interest in the success of the plans, which Bonoretti had marked out for me; led me one evening to her closet, and favoured me with a long especial lecture on the glorious and blessed lot that awaited me; and which, from the tenor of her discourse, I began to have an imperfect notion, was that of a Roman Catholic Priest.

You will recollect I was then a lad not quite ten years old: I could read, certainly; but the Bible and Common Prayer were the only books I had seen.—I had also taught myself to copy Wilson's performances, with an old stump of a pen that hung up in a phial of ink at the farm, which he called writing; this was the extent of my learning. The ideas I had formed of religion, you will readily suppose were very simple; of *differences* in religion I had no clear conception of the meaning; but of *Papists*, and *Popes*, and *Pretenders*, I could not fail to have imbibed a horror from the occasional allusion to such names by farmer Wilson, who spoke of those personages in much the same terms as he used, when speaking of the devil.

With a new species of fear I retired from Mrs. Alice's little oratory, and began to enquire whether, notwithstanding the instruction and delight which I promised

myself from becoming a traveller, I ought to incur the hazard of being made a *Papist!* A thousand fears arose from this single doubt, until at length such was my terror, that I determined to escape from my fine clothes and splendid prison, and return to the farm.

I had not, however, left the presence of Mrs. Alice five minutes, before I was summoned into that of Father Bonaretti, who, the servant told me, waited for me in the library. — I found with him a stranger of remarkably noble deportment, who, upon my entrance, rose from his chair in evident surprise. Recovering himself, however, he sat down again, called me to him, made me stand by his knee, patted me upon the head, asked my name and age, and manifested those common tokens of kind-heartedness, which constitute what the old ladies call *taking notice of the children*;—but I had then no idea, that I was sent for to be looked at.

"And so, my fine fellow, you are very fond of reading," he continued, "and you think you shall prefer a life of learning to a life of labour—I mean you wish to go to school, and to college—and you think you should like to be a priest."

I cannot well define the mixture of feelings, which agitated my mind at that moment. I attempted to make my tongue say *no* to the *Priesthood*, and *yes* to the *School*, and the *College*; but all I was able to do was to burst into tears. The stranger looked inquisitively at Bonoretti.

"Why do you cry, Charles," said the latter.

Guided in my reply by the natural rhetoric of the heart, I sobbed out an oration, in which I endeavoured to explain how much my fears of the Pope and the Devil were at war with my wishes to travel and to study.

"What a precocity of mind," said the

stranger, after I ceased — "O let me intreat you, Bonoretti, give this boy fair play—I know your zeal for the church—but I also know your sense of honour—give me then your word of honour, that you will not suffer that zeal to drive this boy into the Church of Rome against his own choice and conscience. Give me your word of honour to this, or I declare to you I shall be miserable for the remainder of my days." — Bonoretti, with a countenance never to be effaced from my memory, exhibiting deep disappointment and regret, together with some anger, said:—

"I am pained that this subject, so unfit for a boy, should have been so imprudently touched upon. I am still more sorely grieved to learn, that the seeds of heresy are so strongly rooted in a soul so young:—but allowing, Sir George, that I could make so light of my faith and my principles, as not to consider their propagation the first duty of my life; what course is

there open for the poor fellow, but this journey to Rome?—My hope was, that Providence might have made him an instrument of great good to my unfortunate Patron; and I went so far as to flatter myself, that he might have become the son of his adoption. Heaven has thought fit to frustrate our designs! Still such is my attachment to the boy, that if he were my own child I could not love him more; and I am sure that my great friend at Rome will, on my account, afford him protection, education, and patronage, either in the church, or in any other avocation to which his genius may lead him."

All these words, Lancaster, young as I was, I weighed and measured in my mind. "Well, my man," said the stranger, (who, bye the bye, I may as well inform you I afterwards learned was Sir George Beaumont, of Beaumont Hall, the very mansion where now we are guests of his amiable grand-

daughter, the Countess St. Orville)—"Well, my man," said Sir George, 'you perceive there is no absolute necessity for your becoming a Priest; you will be left quite at liberty to chuse your own profession; and now, is it your wish to return to the farm, or to travel with your benevolent friend, and become a scholar?'

I was silent—Again I was urged to speak—and I acknowledged my fears, which occurred to me while Bonoretti was speaking, as to what would be my fate, if I should lose my only friend in a foreign country.

'This is an extraordinary boy,' said Sir George, as he took Father Bonoretti by the arm, and led him to one of the window recesses, where a conversation of several minutes ensued, which I could not hear; but by their looks and gestures they plainly denoted that I was the subject of their discourse.

'Charles,' said Bonoretti to me, after

this conference, 'Heaven favours you with a new friend! This worthy gentleman, penetrated with compassion for your destitute situation, desires you will in future consider him, as one interested in your welfare: he permits you to correspond with him, and he desires that you will frankly, at all times, communicate your wants and your difficulties; and, thus, if it should please Providence to summon me from this transitory state, you will have a more powerful friend in Sir George Beaumont.'

To a mind even then full of visions, these words, and the looks of solicitude which Sir George could not disguise, were sufficient to open a series of new dreams. Why should Sir George take an interest in me? There was only one answer, which self-love and romance would receive to this question; and I nominated myself instantly, in my own conceit, the son of the baronet. —It may seem an effort of imagination

beyond my years, (but the fact, nevertheless, was so) that I should fancy, at that moment, *I* had discovered a *complete plot*, in all the past conduct and future intentions of Bonoretti. In his first encounter with me—in his repeated meetings with me—and in his attempting to place me in Sir Thomas Alder's family, I persuaded myself, that I saw the contrivances of himself and Sir George;—and that having failed in these, the provision for me abroad, without doubt, was their concerted arrangement: nay, in looking about for a mother, I scrupled not to make free with the reputation of Mrs. Alice Alder, whose zeal for Catholicism I most conveniently construed into a mother's anxiety for the fate of a son, whom she could not at present recognise.

In these romantic notions I was confirmed, by understanding that I was to assume the name of Charles Beaumont, and the character of an orphan, whose parents had

bequeathed me to the care of Bonoretti; and further confirmed by the reiterated injunctions, which both he and Sir George imposed upon me, as I valued their friendship, or felt concern for their happiness and peace, never to hold intercourse, direct or indirect, with my foster-parents, or any of their family; assuring me, that my future fortune depended upon the concealment of my doubtful origin, and especially of my connection with the Wilsons.

In binding myself to obey these orders my heart smote me with a sense of ingratitude to the good Wilsons, and I felt the pain that I knew *they* would feel; but the Jesuit, who then ruled me, was well skilled in his art; and penetrating my thoughts, was ever ready with the means of dispelling regret for the past, by exciting curiosity for the future.

Sir George Beaumont made me a present, and again authorising me to write to him, took his leave. On the following day,

Bonbretti and I quitted Thistleton for the metropolis; and from thence, without an hour's delay, proceeded to Dover, where we embarked for Calais.

Thus, Lancaster, have I explained to you the *Necromancy*, which spirited away the "Foundling of the Valley," from those rural scenes, and that humble home, where he had passed the first years of his existence.

When next I have an opportunity of resuming his story, you will find him transformed from a plough boy, into a student, and occupying, instead of a nook in a farm, apartments in the Palace of one of the most powerful Cardinals at Rome.

CHAPTER IV.

SCENE I.

Lawyer Flint, who had been tormented with frightful dreams, ever since the arrival of Lyttleton at Moreton, was at the present moment busily employed in preparing statements to lay before a chancery pleader, relative to divers transactions which had taken place *contrary to law*, though under the *cloak* of law, *in re*, Wilson *versus* Elmpeam; and *in re*, Clinton *versus* Wilson.

This was a business, of which Flint would gladly have relinquished the profits, could it have been evaded; but Lyttleton's solicitor having filed a bill in equity, it became indispensably necessary that something in the shape of an answer should be

invented; and he was therefore compelled to rack his brains, in defiance of his conscience, to fabricate lying misrepresentations, in order to palliate acts of gross oppression and injustice.

Whilst thus employed, and just as he was about to throw down his pen in despair, determined to advise both his clients to pay costs and submit, "MR. HARRY FLIMFLAM" was announced.

This young man was approaching his twenty-sixth year: — his education had been liberal, and his father's wealth and connections had introduced him to circles of the first rank and fashion, whose follies and vices he unfortunately had copied, instead of their better manners.

Among his acquaintance, Harry Flimflam was familiarly styled "*a very good fellow*;" —he had not an enemy in the world, for he had never intentionally *done an ill-natured thing;* on the contrary, he was never so happy as when obliging others — and as he had

never wanted, nor apparently was likely to want, their assistance—a thousand friends were constantly urging him to command their best services on all occasions, and uniformly subscribing themselves in every epistle, *their dear Harry's most affectionate, most devoted, most faithful, ever and ever.*

Even in childhood, he had been taught to think, that he was born to inexhaustible stores of wealth; and no pains whatever had been taken to impress his mind with any ideas of œconomy, duty, or discretion.

His father, indeed, evinced some anxiety, that he should not incur the reputation of a *good-natured fellow*, of which he seemed in danger; and, therefore, occasionally cautioned him against the effects of a yielding disposition, and hinted the necessity of learning to say NO: this, however, arose from a desire to preserve him from the ignominy of being deemed a *flat*, who was easily to be *done*, and not from any feeling of the necessity, or the duty of economy.

His mother, on the other hand, was perpetually inflaming his vanity, and exciting him to *shine*: at one time stimulating him to *cut out* some *Noble Narcissus* in his dress, or some *Fashionable Jehu* in his curricle and horses; and at another, exhorting him not to suffer himself to be *talked down* by such and such a *public character* at county meetings; or to be put out of countenance by *dashing belles*, at public assemblies; but to remember *whose* son he was; and never to forget, that his father could *buy up* half the prating politicians, starved gentry, and decayed nobility, of the county.

Such was Harry Flimflam's danger at twenty-one. From that period it was daily increased by the society to which he was exposed. — Sharks, and sharpers of every rank, and in every disguise, are constantly on the watch for *young* possessors of wealth or power; —

and, though his father had the precaution to keep his name out of the firm until his twenty-fifth year, such was the predisposition of the subject in question, to the prevalent disease of the times, called "*Careless Extravagance*," that in less than six months after he became a partner, some of the worst symptoms of the disorder appeared; which rapidly increasing, soon demonstrated, that no *Fashionable*, of whatever notoriety, was more completely infected than the dashing young spendthrift of Flimflamton.

Conspicuous as was the progress of this young Prodigal in the *Road to Ruin*, only one observer had ever warned him of his danger. This real friend was an aged clerk of his grandfather, who had refused a small share in the concerns of his father; and now lived upon an annuity, the well-earned reward of past services.— Old Jennings had sounded alarm both to father and son; but Jennings had been called an

officious old fool by the father, and an old fashioned *croaker* by the son; whilst against the single voice of this truth-speaking friend, there were hundreds of fawning sycophants at the ear of the father, and as many jolly fellows at the elbow of the son, whose flatteries were far more pleasant to vanity and levity, than the truths of old Jennings.

That crisis, however, which the foresight and zeal of honest Jennings had pointed out as inevitable at some period, seemed now hastening much sooner than even he had anticipated.—

The *Grand Game*, which Flimflam had resolved to play this season, in defiance of the advice of his London Agent, *Mr. Transfer*, (when he warned him of the arrival of Lyttleton,) he had played most desperately. FLIMFLAMTON certainly acquired all the *eclat*, which he resolved to obtain for it: he had made it, as he said he would, the *magnet of Fashion*;—

Princes and Nobles had, indeed, honoured it with their presence; they had condescended to borrow his money, and he had been proud to lend it and to lose it! —But the error that was fatal, was this :—

An heiress, with one of the largest private fortunes in the kingdom, had been singled out by Flimflam for his son, who, at one time, appeared likely to carry off the prize from even ducal rivals! But the coquettish encouragement of this presumptuous suit, served only to introduce the young dupe to a circle of the deepest gamesters in high life; and he had the mortification soon to behold as his successful rival with the fair, one, who had often been his conqueror at the gaming table.

Scandal, while it buzzed the *double defeat* of the young banker, magnified the losses actually sustained, and rumours rose from whispers to loud reports, until, at length, Flimflam felt their baneful influ-

ence on his credit.—Too late the indiscreet Father saw the danger of the game he had resolved to play; and imparted his apprehensions to his son, with a mixture of intreaty and remonstrance. The spoiled child, that had never through life been contradicted, could now ill-brook reproof or restraint; but flew from the voice of censure, and the reflections of conscience, to the society of dissolute companions, and the fatal consolations of the bottle.

The altered state of Flimflam's credit was concealed as much as possible from the world; but the indiscretions of young Flimflam became rapidly more and more alarming in every sense; and the breach between the father and the son grew wider every day, notwithstanding the tears and the intercessions of a weak mother, whose fondness for her Harry exceeded even her vanity.

It was immediately after a violent quarrel on the subject of a fresh *debt of*

honour, of enormous amount, that this unexpected visit from the son of his Patron surprised the lawyer.

Several extraordinary circumstances had recently come to the knowledge of Flint, which, in conjunction with Transfer's letter of admonition, had much puzzled and alarmed him; and induced him to conclude, after much thought, that it was really *possible* for the Flimflam credit to be *pushed too far*. No sooner was the *possibility* of danger admitted, than it became the instinctive consideration of the prudent agent, to devise in what manner he himself could best *hedge off* from loss, in the event of his employer's ruin.

His first step was to disencumber himself, as speedily as policy allowed, of many personal securities of Mr. Harry Flimflam, which he had purchased at a time when he considered them as valid as freehold estates, on terms which extorted

from the necessities of others enormous profits for himself.

Affecting to have a peculiar attachment to a considerable estate belonging to Mr. Clinton, he tempted that money-loving *gentleman of all trades*, with an offer something above the intrinsic value of the property, to part with it; and when the title-deeds were ready for signing, he pretended great sorrow at being disappointed in the receipt of ready money; and "must relinquish the purchase *he had set his heart upon*, unless it suited his *old friend* to take some bonds of Harry Flimflam's, on the same advantageous terms that he himself had bought them." This manœuvre succeeded; and Flint chuckled at his management in thus shuffling the chance of a loss, however slight or remote, from his own shoulders upon those of his *friend*.

His policy was next directed to the means of hurrying through the forms of law, the renewal of several old leases, and

the grant of some new ones;—to remove, by yielding trifles, the obstacles to some long unsettled accounts, which would be still more unprofitably arranged, if bankruptcy, which might *possibly* happen, should transfer their adjustment to other hands.

In these and other similar manœuvres, by a little perseverance, and careful watching of opportunities, Flint succeeded to his satisfaction: and thus prepared against the consequences of such a *possibility*, he began to calculate the *probabilities* of Flimflam's failure, more abstractedly than he had been able to do while feelings of *self-interest* rendered the mere supposition too frightful to be indulged!

Now, whatever might be the fate of the vessel, he considered himself within safe reach of shore; and her course, her condition, her pilot, and her freight, were henceforth mere objects of his calculation, like those of any others that were sailing on life's voyage: and, having for so long a

period shared the profits of her prosperous gales, he now coolly speculated what share of the plunder might be his, in the event of *her becoming a wreck.*

This calculation was the parent of new feelings in the mind of the lawyer. He no longer was alarmed at the idea of the ruin of his chief client;—he doubted, on the contrary, whether he could *with equal safety* reap as much profit from the continued credit of Flimflam, as would arise from *working a good fat Bankruptcy.*

This doubt, once admitted, tormented him with perpetual perplexity; and the only points of *policy* he decidedly resolved upon, were, to shut his heart and his ears to Harry Flimflam's importunities to raise him fresh loans;—to avoid any money transactions, even with the elder Flimflam, lest, by following old habits of *turning him to account*, he should unawares *buy a loss;*—to conduct himself with more humility and respect to Flimflam's rivals

and dependants;—to ascertain who were likely to be supervisors of the expected wreck, and to court their good opinion;—in short,—to be on the look out for opportunities of gain, from the approaching ruin of his Patron, at the same time, that he was lulling his vanity with hypocritical assurances, that it was quite impossible such ruin ever could arrive!

Such was the position of Flint's *Game of Policy* at this epoch; and when the name of Harry Flimflam was announced, it required all the talents for hypocrisy of which he was master, to put himself in *character* to receive him.

"I wish he was at the bottom of the sea," said the lawyer *to himself*; but as soon as the unfortunate victim of early indulgence appeared, he rose and met him with a smile—and holding out his hand, exclaimed:—

"My dear Mr. Harry, I am happy to

see you. Well—What's the news? Are we to have an election, or not?

Harry. Put the election, for the present, quite out of your noddle, my Lord Chief Justice of Moreton,—for the *Ins* are to remain *in*, and the *Outs* to keep *out*—*ergo* there will be no dissolution. *Don Papa*, *bashaw* as he grows, and really he *hectors it finely*, must only *swell* to the magnitude of a Borough representative for the present;—your humble servant must remain plain Harry Flimflam, *sans* M. P.; and you yourself must forego, for a session or two longer, all those *good things*, which belong to the lawyers on those jolly occasions, called elections?

Flint, (perceiving that he was under the influence of wine,) Why, Mr. Harry, I never heard you speak so fluently before. May I ask whose Champagne has rendered you so eloquent?

Harry. Upon my honour, it was *not* Champagne — it was — psha—nonsense

—what signifies *the name*, if the draught be but potent enough to make a man forget his misery.

Mr. Flint. My dear Sir! Mr. Harry! My dear young friend! I fear I too plainly understand you.—Your unfortunate connection, with such notorious gamesters! It must be so! You have shot a thunderbolt through my brain!

Harry. Your brain! Ha, ha, ha—no, no, no—*here, here, here* passed the lightnings, and *here* struck the thunder.

[As he uttered these words he smote with violence his burning forehead. The full recollection of his situation burst upon him for a moment through the vapours of intoxication; and he was seized with an hysterical affection, that seriously alarmed the lawyer.

He rung the bell violently, and his *shadow* of a man, Saunders, entered.]

Flint. Are any of Mr. Harry Flimflam's servants with him?

Saunders. There sits a man in the curricle, with huge black whiskers, and long red nose, he has the whip in his hand, and is dressed like a coachman.

SCENE II.

Whilst Saunders was speaking, the clattering of iron-heeled boots was heard in the passage. The person alluded to entered, whip in hand—it was the Honourable Mr. Light. Harry Flimflam aroused, started as at a hideous spectre—Saunders left the room, and the intruder exclaimed:—

"Well, Harry, what says the family Physician? Does he give you any hopes? If not, let's be off.—Come, come; be a man—shake off this stupor—arouse yourself.

Flint. I believe I address the Honourable Mr. Light — What has happened, Sir?

Light. This mighty affair, Mr. Flint, I think your name is—this mighty bus-

ness, Sir, lies in a nut shell. My friend Harry here, has had a confounded run of ill luck lately, and, upon a view of the ways and means, he seems to want something near ten thousand more than he happens to have at hand. Mamma's jewels would hardly raise the sum, if she would even consent to lay *them on the shelf.* Harry, instead of applying to you, or consulting people of experience like myself, or Frank Lowe, or Bob Raffle, becomes completely *blue-deviled,* goes whimpering, like *a raw one,* to his Papa, and asks him to advance ten thousand pounds, and promises *never to do so any more.*

Flint, (hypocritically) Does my worthy friend, Mr. Flimflam, know of this affair?

Light. You may well turn up your eyes. Did you ever hear any thing more like a raw Etonian in your life? I know boys at school, who carry on the war with more skill.

Flint. What said Mr. Flimflam, Sir? How did he receive such a blow?

Light. What was naturally to be expected took place. The old boy went mad—acted *King Lear* to the life—and *cursed* poor Harry for being a gamester, though he himself pushed him forward in circles, where he, and all the world knows, cards and dice are as regularly served, as the dessert after dinner.—Then in comes Mamma, in the character of the *Distressed Mother*, imploring and threatening by turns; but the inexorable man repels all intreaties, defies all threats, and raves about nothing but *dissolution of partnership, ruin, disgrace, and poverty.*—Now, then, to the point, Mr. Flint:—the *gist* of the thing, as you lawyers call it, is this: the honour of my friend Harry balances on a hair. Can you, on any terms, raise us, or put us in the way of raising, within eight and forty hours, ten thousand pounds?—If not, we must be instantly off for

London,—I know a certain conjuror there who, in a quarter of an hour, will *raise the wind*:—for he produces the *magic gas* quicker than any artist on the town. My only fear is, that this chicken-hearted *tyro* will faint before we reach the usurer. Fie, fie, Harry, you have not the nerve of a partridge.

Flint. You must pardon me, Sir, but on no consideration, without the commands of my most worthy patron, who for so many years has confided in me, would I interfere between him and his son.

Light. There, Harry, I told you so—the lawyers are all alike, all over the world—all this is so much precious time thrown away. Come, if you wish to preserve your honour, say so—rally your spirits, and act like a man!

Harry. Preserve my honour! Yes, at the cost of life itself! Come, Light, be my guardian angel. Enable me to dis-

charge this debt and then — come, come——

Flint. You will not leave me, Mr. Harry, in this manner surely—you cannot seriously intend to follow such advice as this! Apply to common money-lenders! You will sign your own ruin inevitably, and will injure, beyond redemption, the credit of your house! Mr. Light, let me beseech you to reflect, to pause for a moment. — Mr. Flimflam will relent — some other plan may be thought of—any thing would be better than such an exposure.

Harry. I thank you for the caution,— but *the die is cast.* My *honour must* and shall be redeemed, let what will follow!

Then giving his arm to Mr. Light, in spite of all intreaties and remonstrances, they quitted the lawyer's house, without uttering another word, and drove off from his door at full gallop.

SCENE III.

Ere Flint had recovered sufficiently from his surprise, to be convinced that he had not been dreaming, and while his eyes yet followed the flying vehicle of the Honourable Mr. Light, a chaise and four arrived with Mrs. Flimflam.

"You will overtake them with ease, they are but this moment gone," exclaimed the lawyer:—but the distracted mother beckoned him to her, and signified that it was her wish to alight. Half frantic with grief, the unhappy woman tottered into the house, and seated herself in the very chair, which, ten minutes before, her unfortunate son had occupied.

"Oh, Mr. Flint! Mr. Flint! What must be done? What can be done, to touch the hard heart of that cruel man? Oh, Mr. Flint! advise me, what can be done?"

Flint. Before I can do so, my dear lady, I must know particulars.—I am quite in the dark. What can have caused such an alteration in Mr. Harry in so short a time? A month ago I should have as soon supposed he would have committed treason, as have touched cards or dice.

Mrs. Flimflam. It's his father's fault, Mr. Flint! It's all his father's fault! Who's to blame but *him?* Did not he introduce him, as innocent as a lamb, into the company of a set of wolves, who have *took* advantage of his sweet good-natured unsuspecting disposition, and have devoured him at their gaming tables?

Flint. It is too late to canvass these matters now, dear Madam.

Mrs. Flimflam. But you must allow it is true. He never would have known the Honourable Mr. Light, or Frank Lowe, nor any of those people, had it not been for his father's thrusting him in among the train

of that jilt Miss Alton.—He would have settled fifty or a hundred thousand pounds upon him *then*, and now to suffer him to be disgraced and sneered at by the Oldways, and such *paupers*, for the sake of ten thousand! What is ten thousand pounds to him? It is no more, Mr. Flint—its only ten thousand — and you know he might with ease have raised it.

Flint. It is a very, very large sum, Madam; but I should have thought, rather than suffer such a hazardous exposure to take place, Mr. Flimflam would have made almost any sacrifice.

Mrs. Flimflam. Oh, you speak like a man of great good sense! Come with me, pray come with me, Sir, and try to bring this cruel man to reason, before it is too late.

Flint. Has my worthy friend reflected on the consequences of this affair being spread?

Mrs. Flimflam. He won't reflect, he will not hear me speak—the man is mad, Sir:—he raves—he absolutely raves. He talks of publishing my dear Harry in the Gazette. I don't know what he means by it.

Flint. Certainly, Madam, he has the power, if he think fit to use it. By this indiscretion Mr. Harry has broken the articles of partnership, and Mr. Flimflam may compel a dissolution.

Mrs. Flimflam. But would that be a father's part, Sir, to destroy his own child? Come, Sir, come with me, there is not a minute to lose: for if he will not hear reason from you, Mr. Flint, he shall have dissolution on dissolution. I will fly to London after my dear Harry—I'll go to France, or to *Novy Scoachee*, to *Ingee*, or to the world's end with him—and never, never, never see his father's face again!

The lawyer would, if possible, have evaded so painful a task; but whilst he yet hesitated, a groom arrived with a letter from Flimflam himself, containing a peremptory summons to attend him on business of the utmost importance; and with this requisition Flint immediately complied.

CHAPTER V.

SCENE I.

THE young Earl of St. Orville was now a constant guest at the Manor House, in the character of an accepted lover of Miss Oldways.

All apprehension of a dissolution of Parliament being, for the present, removed from the mind of Mr. Oldways, his excellent son had also seized the earliest opportunity of laying before him the state of his heart, with respect to the beautiful and amiable Dowager St. Orville, and had been rendered happy by the paternal sanction.

The Countess herself feigned not an indifference she did not feel; but, with a modest candour, had permitted a lover's hopes to be renewed in the breast of him,

who had, in very early life, been the idolized object of her heart.

At that time Charles Oldways *silently* adored *her*, as the accomplished and beautiful Miss Beaumont, and had resolved never to marry any other woman; but his natural diffidence, increased by the reverence inseparable from genuine love, had, from time to time, suppressed the oft' attempted declaration;—while the suit of the late Earl of St. Orville, a dashing *Son of Erin*, was prosecuted with all that spirit which, in any other class of men, would seem to lack the grace of modesty; but which, in an Irishman, is frequently the result of a glow of sentiment, which the heart forces to the tongue in natural *impromptus*, without passing through the cold filtering of thought.

Miss Beaumont did not disguise her strong repugnance to the match; but her father's commands, aided by a phalanx of wealthy uncles, and aunts, and cousins, com-

pelled her to surrender her hand to the importunate perseverance of her suitor, and to sacrifice on the altar of filial duty, the hopes of love!

As Countess of St. Orville, she figured away several winters in the metropolis, the object of envy to thousands: her rank, her beauty, her wealth, taste, and talents, her sprightly temper, and ready wit, ever kept around her a brilliant circle, in which she passed her time, if not happily, gaily, until the period of her lord's decease; which was occasioned by a duel, the consequence of a political dispute in Ireland.

That event threw her again into retirement, and she chose her seat of Beaumont Hall, which was in the vicinity of that of Mr. Oldways. The motive that induced this choice, she herself did not, perhaps, too nicely investigate; but the consequences of the selection have been seen.

When the present Earl, her brother-in-

law; communicated to her his design to purchase Moreton Hall as an auxiliary to his pretensions to Miss Oldways, the young Dowager secretly rejoiced at his resolution: and felt the keenest anxiety, that no other should be the possessor of an estate so contigious to the Manor House. The extraordinary arrival of Lyttleton intervened, and gave for the neighbour of the Oldways, instead of a brother-in-law, one whom she recognised as a still older acquaintance, a personage who, on more than one occasion, had excited her curiosity, and filled her mind with mysterious wonder.

Lyttleton and Mr. Oldways had latterly passed many hours together; and the increase of their regard and esteem for each other was the evident result.

On the subject of the Bradshaw Hall drawings, however, Lyttleton had excused himself from an explanation, until the arrival of a period which he had fixed for

the full disclosure of his own history. That period was now arrived.

It had been the occupation of Lancaster to arrange from the stores of Lyttleton's PORT-FOLIO, a variety of letters, memorandums, and other documents; and to connect the whole by narrative, from his dictation, into the form of MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE.

This compilation was now about to be read by Lancaster to the whole party at the Manor House, which included the venerable old merchant Mr. White, and his grand-daughter, Emma. — Lyttleton had selected the opportunity of his own absence for this disclosure, having been summoned to London on business which would detain him there some days.

Assembled round their oracle, the curious group now bent their ears attentively to Lancaster, who having recited from the manuscript in his hands, an account of the events which occurred, prior

to the embarkation of Bonoretti and his young charge for Calais, thus continued the narration. It was written in the impersonal style—Lyttleton himself being the presumed writer.

MEMOIR.

"From Calais we proceeded direct to Paris, where we resided some time, the Italian having been entrusted with an important negotiation between some individuals of the French court and certain Jacobites in England. From Paris we took the nearest route to Rome, where we were received by the great patron of Bonoretti with a dignified hospitality. Apartments were allotted to us in the palace of the Cardinal; and under my assumed name, of Charles Beaumont, I was enrolled among the scholars, who were supported by his Eminence.

"The affectionate care and parental solicitude which Bonoretti continued to

evince, by an unwearied attention to my education and moral improvement, claim the tribute of my warmest gratitude. Apt to learn, and studiously inclined, I made so rapid a progress, under his tuition, in general knowledge, and in classical learning especially, that, in the space of three years, I was considered a phænomenon, and as such was reported to the Cardinal.

Admitted to the presence of his Eminence, I became from that moment one of the most favoured of the numerous students whom he patronised; and was frequently honoured with the office of his *amanuensis*; on which occasions I never failed to imbibe some valuable lesson from the transcript of his thoughts. Such, indeed, was the effect produced on my imagination, by the strength and grace of his colossal mind, that, combined with the commanding dignity of his manners, and the princely state with which he

was surrounded, it absolutely caused me to regard the Cardinal with feelings little short of adoration.

"The palace, of which he was Lord, was in itself a monument of architectural grandeur. It was adorned with numerous paintings, *chef d'œuvres* of the most celebrated masters; — and with rare and precious antique statues; — whilst, in every apartment, superb furniture, of grand design, and rich materials, fitting Imperial State, excited a comparative degree of admiration with the higher works of art.

"But oh, the Library!—They must be of similar mould of mind, who can conceive what a young literary enthusiast felt, when he was first conducted into a gothic temple of immense dimensions, where the sun's rays cast through the pictured glass '*a dim religious light*' on many thousand volumes, which rose in lofty piles, even 'to the *fretted roof*.'

"The ecstacy I felt was mingled with a solemn awe. I was at once delighted and depressed. The treasure thus bursting upon my sight, at the first glance, filled me with rapture; but in a moment I felt the oft recurring thought of my own insignificance, and shrunk from the contrast of all around me—with *myself!*

"The Cardinal's penetrating eye quickly perceived the idolatry of my mind; and, flattered by the impression which the grandeur of his state produced upon a novice, was by no means on that account less gracious to that novice. Proud to excess, Wolsey himself was not more fond of pomp, and state, and show. Ambitious also, he thirsted as ardently for power. But even his vanity caused him to delight in bestowing condescensions; and though jealous to excess of his prerogatives, he was neither tyrannical nor revengeful. Celebrated throughout Europe for his learning, he held correspondence with all the eminent scho-

lars of the age; his opinion was deemed a standard of reference on all points of controversy, by all parties in the church; and his influence with the Sovereign Pontiff, combined with his talents as a Statesman, rendered his friendship an object of envy among Princes, and opened to his inspection the secrets of many cabinets.

"Such was the magnificent and powerful Patron, to whom it was my extraordinary fortune to be introduced by Bonoretti. Such was the preceptor, who, from my thirteenth to my twentieth year, condescended to direct the course of my studies, and by frequently honouring me with admission into his presence when alone, and occasionally into the society of his select friends, imparted, through the medium of the most interesting conversation, a knowledge of society, and a view of human nature, which I never could have acquired by books alone.

"Such was the great Statesman — the

was branded as an act of treason and rebellion. In every sense my feelings and conviction were at variance with the policy of my patron, the Cardinal, and with the wishes of Bonoretti, who sighed for the re-establishment of Papal power, by the restoration of the Stuarts."

SCENE II.

"One day in the autumn of 1768, Bonoretti entered my study with a countenance denoting extreme agitation, and exclaimed:—

"Put up your book—put up your book—you must prepare to leave the palace."

"Struck with surprise at his words and manner, I scarcely could give credit to my senses.—I closed the volume of Lactantius, from which I was transcribing a passage by command of the Cardinal, and enquired what had happened?

" *Bonoretti.* Your life is in danger—you must not sleep another night within the palace-walls.

" *Beaumont.* Whence springs the danger, and how have I incurred it?

" *Bonoretti.* From merit danger oft' arises. You have capacities and faculties of growth beyond your years; and study has improved them. The Cardinal has eyes and understanding — and his great ambition is to cherish genius, and to elevate the deserving.

" *Beaumont.* From such a patron do you bid me fly?

" *Bonoretti.* As from a pestilence. Already has his Eminence betrayed some symptoms of his discriminating preference, and the *embryo of great designs*, for your future exaltation, is even now too visible.

" *Beaumont.* And therefore is it, that Bonoretti orders me to turn my back with base ingratitude, and steal away from such a princely benefactor?

" *Bonoretti.* Alas, my son! the splendid gifts and dazzling honours, which Princes design as marks of favour, oft' carry with them the seeds of death or ruin, though invisible to donors or receivers!

" *Beaumont.* What mean you, father!

" *Bonoretti.* That there do crawl upon this globe, wretches, who being by their base nature unfitted to attain those wreaths of glory, with which the noble-minded only should be honoured and rewarded, still covet them, and envy their possessors. Envy, in foul bosoms, grows to deadly hate; and hate does sometimes end in murder.—You know the nephew of the Cardinal?

" *Beaumont.* The young Boretti? We are sworn friends—he is most gracious to me:—he seizes all occasions of testifying his approbation of his uncle's favour towards me; and often has expressed the pleasure it affords him.—

" *Bonoretti.* Your confidence is your

danger. Boretti hates you with the direst hatred that ever dæmonized the human heart. A few days more—and you would have perished ignorant of your enemy.—Have I said enough? Do you repose your safety in me, and trust me as your guide to future good? If so, be prepared to leave the city unknown to the Cardinal, or any other person than myself. Be in the grotto an hour after sun-set, where I will meet you.

"*Beaumont.* Your power over me is to myself a wonder. You drew me, as it were, by impulse irresistible, from the humble roof that had first sheltered me:—you detained me in spite of my strong bias to return—you then became a magnet to my affections and my hopes, and here I followed you—and now suddenly and abruptly you bid me FLY—whither you say not, and wherefore you only darkly hint. Yet such is your sovereignty o'er my mind, it supersedes the laws even of conscience.

Reason surrenders its empire—and an implicit faith binds me, a blind and passive instrument to your will. Whatever may be the cause or consequence of your mysterious mandate I obey it. I will be in the grotto at the hour of sunset.

" *Bonoretti.* You have well resolved—be punctual."

SCENE III.

" Evening came. For the last time I visited the library; and, with the most lively grief, took a farewell glance of that inestimable treasure. Scarcely had I learned to appreciate the privilege of access to such a mine, when it was closed to me for ever! By diligence and zeal, I had surmounted the obstacles which a want of early education had occasioned; I had, at length, acquired the necessary key to these rich stores, by a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, the German, French, Spanish, and

Italian languages; and just as I was enabled by this acquisition (the reward of incredible labour) to open the cells which I knew contained the hidden riches I most coveted—I was compelled to abandon them unexplored!

"Whether in the new destiny that awaited me, this key might still afford the means of gratifying that avarice of knowledge which was now my ruling passion, or whether my future lot would place me in a sphere, where ignorance and barbarism would laugh to scorn the useless acquisition, was then a question of most painful doubt. But, that I should ever again, in any situation of life, have the command of such a mental treasure, as that on which I now cast a '*longing lingering look*,' was a hope that rested not a moment on my mind.

"The sun had now declined. With a pensive melancholy I quitted the palace, and repaired to the appointed spot.

" Bonoretti was there before me. Then, for the first time, the mysterious ruler of my destiny informed me, that he himself was about to leave Rome in a few days, on a secret mission. ' By a miracle,' continued he, ' have I discovered the vile plot of your artful foe, Boretti.' The young hypocrite affects to have discovered an extensive conspiracy against the power of the Pontiff; and has produced some papers to his Eminence, proving a correspondence between some English heretics here, and a Genevese now resident in England. You are English by birth, and it was the infamous design of Boretti, as soon as I was at a distance from you, to implicate you in the plot, and to accuse you of the foulest crimes. You would have been incarcerated in some dungeon of the Inquisition, from which you never would have been released alive!'

" In a moment I was struck with a conviction of the truth of Bonoretti's state-

ment, and embraced him as my preserver. Several circumstances flashed at once on my memory, which left no doubt, that *Boretti* had insidiously obtained from me *proofs* of my *heresy*, as well as my want of *allegiance* to the Scotch Pretender to the throne of England; for, both in conversation and correspondence, I had certainly furnished him with evidence sufficient to work my ruin.

"These proofs the Jesuit believed Boretti to have fabricated, and it did not appear necessary for me, at that time, to be my own destroyer, by a confession, that would have made a *Jesuit* consider my destruction his first duty. I, therefore, confined myself to the expressions of my gratitude for the escape he had effected, and requested to know my future destiny.

" ' This letter, my son,' said Bonoretti, ' will be your introduction to the Marquis di Salvini, at Naples. Let your faith in him be as implicit as it has been in me—

he knows your story; and is inclined to serve you. You must use the utmost caution in repairing thither; when you are under his protection you are safe. At the distance of a hundred paces to the left of the southern gate, exactly as the Chapel clock strikes the hour of ten, you will perceive a figure muffled in a cloak: if at your approach it makes no signal, return and wait till midnight in your study, when I will visit you;—but if, upon observing you, the figure slowly raise its arm, and point towards the dial of the clock then striking, answer that signal by three distinct reverences, and then, with crossed arms join your safe conductor. But mark well,—during all your journey, your lips must be as motionless, as if the finger of death had sealed them. I at the risk of life and reputation use my Holy Office for your preservation now, in the firm faith of that fair promise which your youth holds out to me, that, when the

Marquis shall see the proper hour to impart to you your OFFICE and YOUR DUTY, he will find in the devotion of your heart, the wisdom of your head, and the valour of your arm, a CHAMPION'S gratitude!

"I shuddered at the *inuendo* contained in this speech, but my situation forbade reply. Fortunately the Jesuit himself proceeded to another topic, and one more consonant to human nature.

"And now, my son," he said, "ere I fold you to my arms and give my parting blessing, considering that the chance of our meeting again in this world is at best uncertain; I will reveal to you the motives of my past conduct towards you.—

"Know, then, that in the year 1745, a memorable, but unfortunate, æra in the history of the STUARTS, I was in the metropolis of England, charged with the execution of important measures, which

were to have been adopted, had the Prince Charles Edward succeeded in his bold attempts, begun in Scotland. The failure of his plans, however, kept me concealed in the disguise I had assumed; as it also refastened the mask, that was then almost falling from many an English nobleman and Chevalier. Among others with whom, on that occasion, I became acquainted, I selected two staunch adherents of the Stuarts for my chief companions, Sir Thomas Alder and Sir George Beaumont, the first remarkable for his unbounded devotion to us; the other for the discretion with which he forwarded our views, without incurring suspicion of his attachment.

"Having received commands from Rome to remain under disguise in England, and not to abandon the slower course of Proselytism, because the rapid one of force had failed, I travelled many miles in the prosecution of my office; but my HOME was the mansion of Sir Thomas

Alder, where Sir George Beaumont was a constant visitor. There it was, that in the year 1748, I heard the singular story of your conveyance to the farmer in the Valley, which was the 'nine days wonder' of the villages around. Struck at the first moment with the remarkable fact that the little bag containing the gold, was made of the same sort of stuff which formed the peculiar dress of the brave Clans of Scotland, I instantly associated, with this circumstance, the idea that "*the deserted infant*" owed the mystery of its birth to some ill-assorted union, which had taken place in consequence of some one of the many heroic and romantic adventures, which marked the expedition of Prince Charles Edward. Fond of this fancy, I imparted it to the Chevaliers Alder and Beaumont, and they assented to the strong probabilities of my hypothesis. Under this persuasion it was at first resolved to remove you instantly

from the care of the farmer, who was known to glory in his principles of heresy and whiggism; but the more discreet advice of Sir George Beaumont suggested, that such a step would prevent your parents from reclaiming you, if such should, at any time, be their purpose.

"The course of a few early years of boyhood," said Sir George, "may be safely passed in such a secluded spot, in such a humble sphere, without the hazard of his imbibing rooted heresies, or disloyal principles. Let us await the issue of a few years, and if then no natural parents claim this foundling, we will unite our endeavours to secure the HOLY CHURCH a son, and the *true* King a subject.

"Time rolled on, years passed away, and occupations of various natures apparently supplanted you in the memories of us all. I had, indeed, so far followed up my first resolve, as to obtain a clear and distinct knowledge of your person. I had, on

several occasions, watched your footsteps, and marked the features of your face, in which I traced, or fancied that I traced, a healthy likeness to the sickly son of Sir Thomas Alder. What subsequently occurred in consequence of this similarity, upon the death of him whom you resembled, can never be effaced from your memory, or mine!

" ' But now, my son, I have conjectures to reveal, which as conjectnres only must be received, and as you love me, or as you fear my anger, you must swear never to betray those suspicions, to which such conjectures cannot but give rise. This letter, continued he, unfolding it, was received by me at Sir Thomas Alder's, a short time previous to that interview, which you must recollect you had with Sir George Beaumont in the library. It is written by the Chevalier under the influence of feelings, which he could not defer imparting to me,

and of their nature you yourself shall judge.

LETTER.

"*Beaumont Hall,*
"*July* 27, 1757.

"You were prepared, most pious friend, to hear, and had reasoned me into a holy fortitude to bear, the severe blow which has long threatened us, the death of my dear, my beloved sister. After a lingering decline of many years, she breathed her last this evening, about eight; but under such circumstances as render it necessary to send off this letter to you, late as it is, in order to prevent your intended departure from England until I have seen you.

"Oh such a scene! I know not how to describe it, or at what part to begin.—

"It was about five o'clock when Lady

Beaumont came (from that chamber where she has assiduously attended so many days and nights, performing all the duties of nurse and friend, with the fondest affection of an *own* sister,) to tell me with streaming eyes, that my poor Sophia felt her end momentarily approaching.

" ' Summon all your fortitude, my dear husband, you will have occasion for it,' said the excellent woman, ' the poor sufferer requests to see you alone. I have long been persuaded some secret sorrow has consumed her heart—probably to you she will reveal it. Would to heaven she had not so long deferred it! but go, my love, comfort her departing spirit— assure her from me, that though I have failed in obtaining her confidence, she has my love, which shall cherish her remembrance, when she is gone!

" I repaired instantly to her chamber.

" What a flattering—what a frightfully

flattering disease! I found my Sophia not on her bed, but sitting up in an easy chair, dressed with her characteristic neatness, and the white muslin that shaded part of her face, was actually contrasted by a vermilion tint upon her cheek. Is this death? said I to myself, Oh, no! my dear sister is alarmed without cause —I shall learn the secret that has silently preyed upon her heart—her mind relieved, she will recover and be happy.

"Short delusion! The wild fire that had shot a momentary spark from her dim eyes was gone, tears followed it—her lips tremulously quivered, but articulated nothing—her head sunk back in the chair, and she fainted.

"The attentions of Lady Beaumont and the nurse, whom I was compelled to summon, recovered her—I hung over the back of the chair. I could not suppress my grief, and when the dear creature's eyes met mine, she saw them filled with tear

She smiled at the sight. Oh, Bonoretti! I never shall forget that smile—it was not joy—it was not pleasure—it conveyed rather the idea of the beatified—it was a smile that seemed to say, I have now reached Heaven. *My tears* appeared to have effected this, for she continued to smile upon me; took my hand; and by signals to the others, dismissed them.

"Once more alone, with only me, she reclined her head upon my shoulder, as I kneeled at the side of the chair—embracing me, with a forced smile still hovering on her lips, 'You were always a kind, you were always a *tender*, brother to your poor Sophia!—I knew, I was sure of your *feelings*.'—

"She uttered these words solemnly, and attempted to lay an emphasis on the word *feelings*.

"I could only articulate, 'My sister, my dear, dear Sophia!'—She made an effort to raise her drooping head, and seemed

anxious to assure herself we were free from interruption—I understood her, and locked the door—she smiled her thanks—her strength appeared to be gathered up at the summons of her heart's last wish, and she requested me to sit closer to her.

"By her desire I remained silent, while, with the genuine fervour of a penitent, she charged herself with crime for having concealed from me the cause of her long grief: 'all sprung,' she said, 'from one fatal indiscretion, which experience of your tenderness ought to have convinced me, *you* would have pitied, and have pardoned, though the world———'

"I used every argument in my power to soothe her anguish, and encourage her confidence.

" 'Ah, my dear brother! when you know *all*, will your speak as tenderly to me *then!* —Will your high sense of justice and of honour — *family honour* — oh, my brother,'—

"She hesitated — I trembled with suspense.

" ' Ere the blessed sun rise again on this sad world, my brother, the poor petitioner, whose shattered form you now behold, will be insensible alike to worldly praise or censure; but her burthened soul clings yet to earth and earthly objects—it cannot quit this falling tenement, until it is assured, that—'

" Again she paused.

"Speak—confidently speak, my dear Sophia, express the wishes of your broken heart. By the Holy Evangelists a brother swears, he will as religiously fulfil those wishes, as if your conscious spirit watched their execution.

" Again she embraced me—and with a heart-rending sigh, exclaimed :—

" ' Oh, best of brothers, kindest of men! why have I so long estranged my sorrows from you! Now—now I fear—I fear—my strength——

"Spare yourself words—at once unfold your sorrows and relieve your mind. Trust me, trust me, my Sophia, my *Sister!* Confide in a brother's tenderest love.

"She was silent a few moments; then suddenly fixing her eyes on me, with her arms crossed upon her bosom, she said, with a frightful calmness, ill according with her bewildered look,

" ' When I am dead, custom will demand that, as the daughter of the late, and sister of the present Sir George Beaumont, my breathless corpse be made a spectacle of funeral pomp. Now mark me, Sir—when the spectators are assembled round my bier, pointing and whispering, be it your charge to see that the plumes placed upon my coffin are all white. Understand me, Sir, let *white* plumes wave over me. I am supposed, you know, to die in maiden state—and, therefore, let me be buried with all such funeral rites and emblems as appertain to Virgins.'—

"She ceased—still fixing her eyes on me.—Oh, what a moment of horror was that to my distracted brain! The dread of infamy pierced my heart—I imagined the very worst—I feared, too, that delirium was approaching, and that the poor maniac would publicly proclaim her own dishonour.

"'Presently, however, recovering from this short aberration, she pressed her hands upon the temples of her head; and then, as if a sudden recollection startled her, 'oh how I have wounded you! But no, no, no, do not think me such a lost one—I have not *dishonoured* you, my brother, oh! no, thank Heaven, no; but I have *deceived you.* The world, aye all the world save you, *must ever remain deceived;*—but I could not die in peace until I had confided to you, that I have been a wife—that I am—a mother.'

"She uttered those sentences with much

apparent calmness—but with painful convulsive snatches of the breath.

"I was overcome—I had lost the fortitude requisite for such a scene, and sat absorbed in grief and wonder. On the table close to her stood a small casket—the dear sufferer drew a key from her bosom, and from this casket took a WEDDING RING. With a look of mingled sorrow and delight, impossible to be conceived, she placed it on the finger which, no doubt, once it fitted; but from which, in its thin and shriveled state, it would now have dropped, had she not, after kissing it repeatedly, drawn it off again, and delivered it to me, with such expression in her dying countenance, as would have wrung pity from the hardest heart. I could not look at her—but cast my eyes upon the floor. In a tone of voice solemn and low, as if it were a whisper from the tomb, she said:

" 'When the last offices that are

to be performed for this poor corpse are over, all but the *final closing of the coffin lid*, come you, my brother, and redeem the sacred pledge that Heaven has registered. When you are sure that all risk of scrutiny by human eye is ended, come to me alone, and in the folding of my shroud, as near my heart as possible, deposit this; then leave us not, until the grave be closed on this dear hallowed pledge and me for—' *Ever*, she would have added.

" I sat listening with awful attention to every syllable, as with difficulty her lips pronounced them, holding the mysterious ring clenched in my hand. A misty cloud seemed gathering in my brain, as idea after idea floated in a species of conjectural confusion; when raising my head, in consequence of her pause,—oh! judge my grief, my horror, at the spectacle before me—Sophia, to all appearance, dead! Scarcely conscious of my

outcries, I called for aid; but, alas, alas! all that could be done, was to close her eyes—her breath was flown for ever!

"An hour's solitude in my study, has, in a slight degree, restored my powers of reason. I have sufficiently arranged my thoughts to give you this imperfect account; but never, never, my dear and pious friend, were your wise and holy counsels so much required as at this moment, by your

"Afflicted friend,

"G. BEAUMONT."

"'I need scarcely add,' said Bonoretti, as he gave me the letter, 'that I lost no time in repairing to Beaumont Hall. In conjunction with Sir George, I sought among the papers of the deceased for some clue to that history, which death cut short. Our search was fruitless; and then, in absence of all proof, we resorted to conjecture, but with no more success. No absence, even of a month, beyond a visit

to the neighbouring Gentry, could be recollected:—no individual, as friend or visitor, could be fixed upon with any colour of probability as a lover of the unfortunate Sophia; and, therefore, after much deliberation, it was determined to fulfil the wishes of the deceased, in the strictest sense, and to let the pall of mystery remain unruffled on her bier.

"This resolution taken, I, with a view to turn the current of his thoughts from their melancholy channel, entered into various discourse with the Chevalier Beaumont; and in the turn of subjects your story came.

" 'That is another tale of mystery,' said Sir George. 'In January, 1748! Where was my poor sister then? '1748!' repeated he, 'In January of that year, I remember she was taken ill at Bradshaw Hall. We used to spend the Christmas holidays there. Private theatricals formed part of our amusements—and I now *do* recollect a youth, who was the admira-

tion of the circle, as the hero—my dear Sophia being then the heroine of the Bradshaw stage. Good God! Erasmus Oldways? Bonoretti, could it be Erasmus Oldways? Yes—I can now call to mind several circumstances that strengthen this supposition! Erasmus held a commission in the army, and fought at Culloden, under the Duke of Cumberland, against Prince Charles Edward. This circumstance rendered him highly obnoxious to my father; and though at the respectable mansion of Sir Godfrey Bradshaw, who was beloved by men of all parties, our family mingled with the Oldways, the Moretons, and others attached to the new dynasty; still my father could scarcely, on any solicitation, be brought to tolerate the familiarities indispensable in the representation of a play, between Sophia and Captain Oldways.

" ' Had they been lovers, therefore, their appeal for his sanction would have been worse than fruitless; and if they

resolved to marry, their's must have been a clandestine marriage.

" ' Erasmus Oldways was in England from January, 1745, to January, 1748.—In April, 1748, he died at Venice, suddenly.'

" On this slight basis Sir George Beaumont built an hypothesis, that the ' Foundling of the Valley,' *might* be the offspring of his sister and Erasmus Oldways. There was no known circumstance to render such an idea monstrous —it certainly is *possible* that you may be the offspring of a Beaumont and an Oldways; but if even your claim had been demonstrable, what benefit could have resulted from its proclamation?

" As Bonoretti finished this sentence, I felt a spirit rising which I could not suppress. ' Surely,' I exclaimed, ' you did not counsel Sir George Beaumont to abandon me—I remember perfectly his kindness in the library.

" ' His *folly*, rather say!' replied the

Jesuit. 'Yes, I *did* counsel him to abandon you, if it was *abandonment* to commit you to *my* care. I knew my projects for your welfare to be the safest and the best; and I never have repented them. Sir George Beaumont's fanciful vagaries are most likely false; but admit them true, and capable of proof, would the Protestant Oldways have received you otherwise than to educate and train you as a rebel and a heretic? And as a true son of the church, what could Sir George have done for you more than I have done, and *designed* for you? But time wears — I must wait upon the Cardinal. — Your absence will be the theme of gossip for to-morrow. I shall affect a grief, though my heart will beat with joy. I shall mingle my ejaculations of surprise and wonder with the rest; and shall be compelled to censure your seeming folly and ingratitude, while my mind will be contemplating with satisfaction the sure road to GREATNESS, on which I myself have sent

you forward. Now then, Beaumont, adieu, perhaps, for ever! My old age frowns on the hope of our future meeting; and as *Beaumont*, I shall certainly never from this hour hail you. Sir George's death releases you from that appellation. Your name, under the orders of the Marquis di Salvini, will be Eugene Belvidere: your country, henceforth, is the world.—No subdivision of the earth, by rivers, seas, or mountains, can alter the universal sovereignty of the FATHER GENERAL, which knows not even the distinction of the hemispheres, but is, on and around the SPHERE, supreme. *Him*, even him, you may, peradventure, personally attend; but you will certainly be soon in the presence of his *right-arm*, SALVINI; and him let Belvidere obey, with all the implicit faith, and serve with all the boundless zeal of an AFFILIATED JESUIT."*

As he uttered the last two words he vanished through a secret door, which

* See Notes.

opening at his touch, into a private passage to the palace, closed instantly after him.

"I was awhile absorbed and lost in fearful wonder:—and when, at length, the sound of approaching footsteps in the adjoining grove struck on my ears, I startled as from a dream, and could scarcely collect my scattered thoughts sufficiently in time to meet the salutation of the Cardinal with composure, who was taking his usual evening walk. Fortunately his mind was deeply occupied in meditation, and he passed me without a question.

"Aroused to a complete recollection of the peculiar crisis of my destiny, I felt that the present was not a moment of deliberation. The moon spreading its mild lustre among the waving branches of the grove, reminded me that the appointed hour was near.—I repaired slowly towards the southern gate, and had scarcely reached it, when the familiar sound of the Chapel chimes gave note of

preparation. I stood still with a fixed gaze upon the spot to which I had been directed; and there I saw a tall figure, robed, answering to the description given me by Bonoretti.

"At the first stroke of the hour bell an arm, raised from beneath a cloak, pointed with the fore finger to the dial. 'Fate beckons,' said I, internally, 'no choice is left to me—obedience is inevitable.' I made the reverences as ordered by Bonoretti, and with crossed arms advanced towards the unknown director of this secret expedition.

"Much mysterious ceremony followed, several interesting incidents occurred, and highly curious information was imparted to me in the progress of our journey. But, though it be the purpose of this MEMOIR fully to apprize this estimable circle, *who and what is Lyttleton*, yet must the narrative be brief: for the time would fail, were I to attempt a description of all the scenes in which I have played

a part, during a period of six and forty years, which connects the present hour with that in which I quitted Rome for Naples.

I have, therefore, with the aid of my ingenious young friend Lancaster, selected a series of SCENES, which will develope, with the least tediousness, the progress of my tale.

SCENE IV.

"Imagine me, then, safely arrived at Naples. I have entered alone, the superb palace of the Marquis di Salvini: for, at the first of the marble steps which led to the colonnade, my guide took leave. I was ushered through several state apartments into the outer cabinet of the Marquis, where, having sent in my letters by the hands of a secretary, suppose me now waiting, in momentary expectation of being summoned into the presence of one of the most consummate politicians of the age.

" I was no stranger to the public character of this nobleman; and in one important letter which he had written to the Pope, and of which the Cardinal obtained a copy, he displayed such gigantic talents, as extorted the profoundest admiration. I was aware the Cardinal was jealous of Salvini's rival influence with Charles Rezzonico, then filling the papal throne under the title of Clement XIII. whose extreme partiality towards the Cardinal was evident on all occasions; but who had recently, on some especial points relating to the conduct of Ricci, the General of the Jesuits, been swayed by the cautious advice of this Neapolitan Statesman, in contradiction to the bolder suggestions of my late patron the Cardinal, in favour of the FATHER GENERAL and the Order. The arguments urged by the Marquis, in that letter against the arrogant demands made by the ambition and cupidity of Ricci, I could even now accurately repeat; for not only

do they rest on memory by their eloquence, but chiefly live in rays of truth and reason, which made the conduct of the ORDER appear in lights too hideous and horrible ever to be forgotten.

"This important letter had often been the theme of my meditations; and was now full in my mind as I sat momentarily expecting to behold the writer, respecting whose *real* character there existed two opposite opinions. Had not Bonoretti led me to consider him a *Champion of the Order*, my conviction of his hostility towards it would have resulted from this letter.

"At Rome, too, I had on several occasions heard doubts darkly expressed of the genuine attachment of Salvini to the Jesuits; and in some recent conversations with young Boretti, who himself always spoke as a free-thinker, he had expressed similar opinions of the duplicity of the Marquis. I was also in the secret, that some of the most potent Catholic

monarchs, were at that time exerting their influence for the suppression of the Order altogether. These thoughts led on to others, until a dream was formed in my imagination, in which I saw myself playing a conspicuous part among heroes, and statesmen, on the grand stage of Europe.

"Ambition began to play about my heart, and I continued in a reverie, until I was aroused by the opening of a door, and the appearance, not of the Marquis di Salvini, nor of the Secretary to whom I delivered my letters, but of a vision, that burst upon my sight like something aerial! It was the figure of a female, yet so sylph-like, with a face so heavenly fair, that never till that moment had my imagination associated an idea of woman with any thing so exquisitely lovely.

"A minute this beautiful apparition, for such it seemed, held the door in its hand; then, courtesying, withdrew, evidently as much under the influence of surprise as

myself. That minute wrought a miracle upon a heart, which, till then, had been insensible to the power of beauty.

" Away flew the dreams of ambition—the Cardinal, the Marquis, and Bonoretti, the Pope, and the General of the Jesuits, all were forgotten: my eyes rivetted themselves to the spot where had appeared this lovely object, my heart throbbed, my pulse beat quick, and a giddy confusion reigned in my brain.

" In the midst of this delirium another door opened, and I was summoned to the presence of the Marquis.

" Had I received the summons but a few minutes sooner, I should, doubtless, have presented a different portrait for the physiognomonical observation of this Statesman, who very highly valued his own supposed talent in judging of men by their countenance. Yet how instantaneously was my mind turned from the contemplation of greatness to the admiration of beauty!

Can it then be seriously imagined that, under such varying circumstances as may momentarily happen to us all, any solid estimate of character can be gathered from a face!

" I found the Marquis quite alone. He was writing at a table—a chair was placed in the middle of his cabinet, to which pointing, as he raised his head for a moment, he desired me to be seated. I perceived that though he wished me to suppose he was deeply occupied with his pen, he was actually stealing glances at my physiognomy, and weighing my mind in his favourite balance.

" 'I have perused Father Bonoretti's letters,' said the Marquis, still keeping his eye upon his paper, 'they are honourable testimonies for you—but they impart no intelligence to me.'

" I remained silent—he folded the letter he had been writing, and touching a bell-spring at his elbow, my beautiful vision re-appeared;—but only for a moment.

" ' There are your instructions Rosalba, — depart instantly — and at Paris, enquire every day for letters at Du Rouveray's, 30, Rue Honoré.'

" She's gone then! Shall I never more behold that lovely form and face? I will fly to Paris—to Du Rouveray's, 30, Rue Honoré. Oh! let me not forget that clue!

"Such were the thoughts of the moment.

" When Rosalba was gone, the Marquis again took up Bonoretti's letter, and throwing himself back in his chair, folded his arms, and held it as a screen before his own face; while, peeping over it, he pursued the study of mine.

" There was an air of *common-place* in all this, which did not accord with my notions of a *great Statesman*—there was more of trick, than strength, conveyed by it to my judgment.

" ' This old man could not inform me of

any circumstance respecting you, of which I was not better informed before.' [I started.] 'I see your surprise—your wonder will increase, when I tell you still more important truths. You are here in consequence of my stratagems—in furtherance of my views.

"My Lord!' said I, 'I have sought, as I was instructed, your Excellency's powerful protection, from———

"Young Count Boretti. So thinks Father Bonoretti:—and 'tis to my purpose that he should continue in delusion; but I have *now seen you*—and from this moment TRUST YOU. Already I have enrolled you by the name of Eugene Belvidere as *my most Private Secretary*. I know your talents, Sir, and I shall not fail to give them due encouragement, as well as exercise. But let me caution you to beware of ARROGANCE: that disease at least *decimates* the race of Secretaries. — Beware of it. By giving you the most unequivocal proofs of

my unbounded confidence, as I shall immediately proceed to do, let me not deceive you into an opinion, that the services of a nameless foundling *are necessary* to the Marquis di Salvini!'

"As he pronounced his own title, he rose with dignity from his chair, and threw the letter he held in his hand upon the table. It seemed as if he had convinced himself, that he need no longer use the artifices of office, but throwing aside reserve, might instantly trust either to my fear of his power, or my zeal for his service.'

"He now suffered his eyes to meet mine unguarded. Brilliant and large they spoke a soul of fire—and his limbs being no longer shackled by a stiff formality of manner, he exhibited by his actions the rapid movements of his restless mind.

"After two or three quick turns up and down the room, he stopped suddenly, and placing his hand on my shoulder, said:—

"'It is next to impossible I can be deceived — but, if I am, *Your death redeems the trust.*—But no—no—honor is stamped upon your brow—you will never be a *traitor* where you have *sworn fealty.* Now read this passage of Bonoretti's letter, of which you were the bearer.

" 'To your consummate wisdom, Most Noble di Salvini, I, therefore, leave the choice of means by which to win the zeal of this young Englishman. You know my primary intention to have educated him at our College for the Holy Order. The intreaties of my most valued friend, the English Chevalier Beaumont, first averted this design; and his Eminence himself was pleased to direct, that he should be educated rather as an affiliated member, than as a professed Jesuit.'

" 'Now mark — Father Bonoretti imagines, (as I would have him,) that my hostility to the Order of the Jesuits is *only feigned,* to serve the cause the better,

and in giving you to me, as my *most private* Secretary, conceives that I shall exact from you, the oath, which the *Affiliated Members* of the Order take, to obey the mandates of the Father General. By that oath thousands of invisible Jesuits are bound, who are at this hour serving the Order in all parts of the world, unsuspected by any outward appearance or dress, and bound by no other vow, save that one of implicit obedience to the GENERAL. Know, then, Belvidere, that this TREMENDOUS POWER, which, for two centuries, has awed the world, though now *apparently* embodied in the person of Laurent Ricci, my puppet, that power is actually moved by wires *held in these hands*; and you, who have become the confidant of this secret, *the greatest of the age*, must take your vow, of self-devotion and unlimited obedience, not to the Father General, but to SALVINI. Never—never—day or night must you have a purpose or thought

separate from my service, until the full accomplishment of my great designs. Be mine, (as mine henceforth you *must* be, or be *nothing*) be mine, and altogether mine, for a few fleeting years, Eugene; then shall the remainder of your days be crowned with ease, and wealth, and glory!

"Such was the extraordinary manner in which I was surprised into the service of the Marquis di Salvini, and became entangled in the web of his dark intrigues.

"Under the patronage of the Cardinal I had obtained the first rudiments of the political science of the day; and had studied, in the character of my patron, a model of a statesman, who acted upon the smooth basis of long-established principles, with the best intentions of promoting, what he considered to be, the welfare of mankind; and who, though too enlightened to be a bigot himself, held it as a maxim, that the world could only be governed by bigotry; or by the sword.

" The character of Salvini, as it began to develope itself, was by no means of a description to increase my respect for Statesmen. If I had lamented the false maxims of government, which influenced the Cardinal, I, at the same time, could not withhold my esteem for the benevolence of his motives, and my applause for the many amiable traits of his private character; but in my new master not one single tint of light was distinguishable among the broad bold mass of shades that formed his portrait. His whole soul was devoted to the achievement of some gigantic purpose, totally obscured from my perception; but in his ceaseless aim to accomplish which, it was my lot to witness and record the most horrible and disgusting sacrifices, not only of character, but of feeling, honour, conscience, and humanity.

" Initiated in the secrets and cyphers of my new office, I soon discovered, that to be the private Secretary of this Machia-

velian statesman, was indeed to be a very slave. I was compelled to give my days and nights to the drudgery of secret correspondences in mystic characters, and *sympathetic inks*, with spies, stationed by Salvini under all species of disguise, and of every rank, from Ambassadors to Valets, and from Duchesses to *Femmes de chambre*, at every court of Europe!

" The novelty of the curious scenes of the secret history of the times, thus disclosed to me, for a while tended to lessen the disgust of this employment; and occasionally letters from the old friar, Bonoretti, kept alive the hope which his story of the death of Sophia Beaumont had engendered in my heart, that one day or other I perchance might claim a nearer affinity to some tribe of mankind, than that of a descendant from the common stock of Adam.

" Time and constant occupation had, however, much weaned me from my early

regrets on this subject, and I did not experience that strong yearning towards the unknown beings to whom I owed my birth, which Romance generally ascribes to foundlings.

" Of a much more powerful nature were the impressions made upon my heart and memory, by the lovely vision of ROSALBA.

" Of all the numerous correspondents of Salvini, this enchanting female was the first in rank and consequence; and the talents and address which she displayed in her character of a spy at the Court of Louis the XVth, added fuel to a passion which, however romantic it may appear, I could not conquer.

" Her letters transcended in wit and spirit, and especially in delineation of character, all the compositions of this class that have ever been given to the world. A thousand and a thousand times have I sighed, as I was reminded that this lovely creature, so angelic in face and

form, so exquisitely accomplished, should have been doomed to sacrifice such talents, wit, and beauty, to the base purposes of political intrigue!

"Her re-appearance at the Salvini Palace had been expected by the Marquis from month to month—and truth compels me to confess, that, notwithstanding my knowledge of her character and pursuits, on the hope of beholding her again I lived. Enervated by the monotony of my employment, and daily more and more disgusted with the artifices, plots, underplots, and counterplots, of Salvini and his emissaries, which made this fair creation, the world, appear a hideous *phantasmagoria* of evil spirits, moved by his agency, I should have attempted, at the risk of life, my escape from the bondage of my *Secretaryship*, had not the enchanted chains, thrown round my heart by the ever present image of Rosalba, kept me a prisoner of hope.

SCENE V.

"Six irksome months, however, had heavily crawled on their course, and no Rosalba yet illumed my prison; when one day, as I sat in customary solitude, revolving in my mind the extraordinary incidents of my past life, and forming vague conjectures of my future destiny, I was aroused by the quick step of the Marquis. He entered the Cabinet with a countenance highly animated, and eyes lighted up to a degree of joy above all I had ever witnessed before, and exclaimed:—

"'News, Belvidere! father Bonoretti is arrived from Rome!—Hear it and rejoice. The Pope, Rezzonico, is numbered with his predecessors; and Gan-

ganelli fills the papal throne.—Now totters, to its very base, the power of Ricci; and now, if there be in thy nature but an atom of ambition, give it expansion ample as imagination can extend it.'

"As he spake he paced the room with rapid strides; and then, folding his arms, stood silent in deep thought for several minutes.

"Again he exclaimed:

"'Hear me, Eugene. In a few years Salvini will be *master of the world, or will be nothing.*'

"Accustomed as I was to witness his mental flights, and perfectly aware that wild ambition had seduced his mind with some dark dream, I was nevertheless now overpowered with astonishment at his words and manner.

"'Start not,' continued he, 'nor let a woman's terrors blanch your visage.—I shall not carry you to battle, nor bid

you follow me o'er gory fields, strewed with thousands slain, after a battle won. True, CÆSAR'S SELF ne'er thirsted for dominion with more ardent zeal, than does Salvini; but the world now, is not the world of Cæsar's days: Salvini's track is not the path of Cæsar! Warriors may slay their tens of thousands; but GOLD COMMANDS THE SWORD!

" 'My words amaze you, but it is now time that you should grow familiar with my purposes. Elected into my confidence, you must be initiated in my motives; and that conduct which is mysterious to all the world, must be made plain to you: for, remember, ignorance of my designs will never be admitted as a plea for any injury I suffer from your misconceptions; but error will prove as surely fatal to you as intentional and premeditated treachery!

" 'Now mark—You are not ignorant that I have been playing *the double dealer* in my games of policy with Ricci and his

enemies, and have successfully cajoled both him and them; but were I to stop there,—I have done nothing.

"The rise of Ganganelli is preparatory of the fall of Ricci; and having thus far stood fair with the united foes of the Father General, who may now be reckoned *hors de combat*, I have to play my game with the allied conquerors themselves, who will speedily again divide, and vehemently oppose each other! The Papal party may be compared to so many spiders in a dark dungeon's corner, spinning and spreading their curiously-formed webs for victims of the gloom! — But, let the day-light in, and lo the meanest worms will crawl, and the silliest insects fly in mockery of spiders who, thus disappointed of their prey, starve until darkness comes again. Just so the Priests at Rome build all their projects of dominion on the supposed continuation of the superstitious blindness of mankind!

"'Another corps is formed of the Reformers and Philosophers, who, at *Port Royal*,* Berlin, Vienna, London, in all parts of Europe, and in the new-found world, America, are labouring to dispel the murky shades of superstition; and think to rule the world by light of nature, and by force of reason.—These parties, so opposite to each other, have one point of union in the *suppression of the power of the Jesuits*; and I, laughing at both, appear to Priests and to Philosophers, an agent, aiding each in their efforts to destroy a NAME, whilst I have been taking secret, but certain, means to secure the POWER in my own custody. Perhaps you ask, why accelerate the overthrow of the Order, seeing that, in ruling the General, I in reality sway a sceptre, of which he is only *nominally* possessor? I answer. True, it is mine as long as it remain in apparent possession of the inept Ricci, and all the present purposes of my ambition are

* See notes.

better served through him, than if I governed in my own proper name. If this were to be *permanently* so it were well; —but it is otherwise decreed! THE JESUITS, that NAME, which for two centuries has been courted and feared by almost every reigning Sovereign of Europe, will be *ostensibly* stripped of its magic charm: — Those despotic monarchs, who govern *only by superstition's aid*, are, at this æra, resolved to lean rather on the open and acknowledged power of the Pope, than on the secret influence of the Father General; and, therefore, have combined to raise their agent, Ganganelli, to the vacant chair of Popedom, upon an express understanding, that he will, as speedily as may be, decree the total abolition of the Order of the Jesuits.—The Jesuits as an HOLY ORDER, will, therefore, be suppressed; RICCI, their *Nominal* General, will be consigned to prison, if not to death; —every Jesuit will be banished Rome;

— their colleges and schools, devoted to the education of the novices, will be closed; and the *visible* and *tangible* funds and revenues of the Order will be sequestrated and seized! And when all this is done, these *Suppressors* will delude themselves with a belief, that they have overthrown the POWER of the Jesuits.— Fools! to imagine that a drop of ink, and scrap of parchment, will break a chain, whose links invisibly extend from pole to pole!

" ' Hood-winked fools! Because the *infant power of the Jesuits*, two hundred and ten years ago, was born and nursed by superstition, and still considers superstition as its natural parent, these buzzards dream, that if the mother, by a papal brief, disown and bastardize her offspring, now mature, it must of course expire! And so it would, Eugene, had it subsisted all this time upon her nutriment alone! The Jesuitic power of 1540, might have been

strangled by a single breath from the Pontiff's lips; but the Jesuitic power of 1769,—where will its antagonists discover it? Must they not touch it 'ere they can destroy it; and must they not *know* it, 'ere they can even *seek* it.

"'Well, even grant that, at length, they stumble on this knowledge which I impart to youth—that the POWER of the Order of the Jesuits is their WEALTH. What then? They seize on Ricci, the apparent Sovereign! They imprison him, they know that his sovereignty is not a local jurisdiction, but an Empire of secret influence, extending round the globe; rendered effective by substantial wealth, which gives to ONE HEAD the operation of ten thousand hands! Well, in possessing Ricci they will imagine they command the key of all the secret treasures of the Order; and by alternate cruelty and kindness, will strive to extort it from his keeping.

" ' *Now, Belvidere, is arrived the crisis that fixes your fate for life!* See that there is not, even in the outer room, a living being with sense of hearing, and faculty of speech. Lock that door, and that. Now I am assured that no eye, save your's, sees what I am about to do, nor any other ear has knowledge of my words.

" ' Know, then, that it has been represented to this Ricci, that if by force, or stratagem, his person should fall into the hands of his enemies, they will use the artifices of kindness, and the realities of torture to obtain from him a clue to the invisible treasures of the Order; to those streams of gold which flow at its command in every quarter of the world, impervious to the view of the uninitiated.

" ' *In a moment of high-wrought zeal, with an heroic resolution foreign to his nature,*

RICCI *determined to divest himself of the* POWER *of discovery; and, therefore, at this hour he is actually ignorant of many of the principal depositories of the accumulated riches of the Order, contenting himself with the controul of its revenues!*

" ' *Who, then, has the keys of this vast treasure? One, who from his apparent hostility to Ricci, in their eyes, his deluded persecutors never will suspect— I — I,* EMILIO DI SALVINI, *possess the clue to their secret treasures; and I, therefore,—I am the* POWER *of the Jesuits! I marvel not at the awe with which such a revelation has impressed you! You stand, indeed, before a* MIGHTY MASTER, *one who does not stoop to ask your love, but who will reward your zeal. Remember error, in his service, is as much a crime as treason; and be assured, that a look of your's, calculated to lead the most cunning observer to a guess of the great*

secret imparted to you, will be inevitably followed by a death of torture.'

" I heard this speech with sentiments of horror not to be described. Nor could I easily reason myself into a belief of the reality of the scene, as he proceeded to unlock and open a concealed iron depository, from which he took the curious trunk which you have seen.

" ' Behold your charge,' continued the Marquis.' ' The invention and completion of this piece of mechanism, was the labour of a Jesuit's life. It resembles in external and internal appearance, you perceive, a small common trunk, and it is so constructed that, without an imparted knowledge of its springs, no human art or force can open the *metallic leaves between which are contained the references to concealed treasures in all parts of the globe.*'

" From that moment I became the keeper of the accounts of this magic trunk, for such

it may be truly designated. Of its contents it is sufficient in this place to say, that it was then a sort of *portable Exchequer* of the Jesuits, of which the credulous and weak Ricci had made Salvini Chancellor. His signet and his autograph could, at that period, and long afterwards, command riches to almost an unlimited extent, in every capital of Europe!

"Under many various names and descriptions there were lodged, in the public funds, and private banks of all the principal states, prodigious sums! With numerous merchants, and bankers, this unsuspected Chancellor of the Order had credit to a vast extent; and in the care of travelling missionaries, were diamonds, and other precious stones of immense value, all at the disposal of the orders of Salvini.

"But I must abruptly close this scene, which, on account of its extraordinary novelty, and its important consequences, I have detailed so much at large.

" In conclusion, the Marquis ordered me to be in readiness to accompany him, on the following day, on a secret embassy to Paris.

" ' I shall travel,' continued he, ' as a private merchant, and you must assume the guise of my attendant. At Paris it will be necessary, in furtherance of my designs, that you should pass into the service of the Portuguese Ambassador there, whom I suspect of intriguing against my interests. Through the means of Rosalba you will be recommended to him, and I will instruct you how to obtain for me copies of his dispatches. But I must not overwhelm your inexperienced mind with too many wonders. The manœuvres of the few who rule the world, will ever seem the work of magic to the multitude. Superstition, indeed, has well nigh exhausted all its miracles; but wealth will never lose its

magic power, and new delusions will succeed the old ones.'

* * * * * *

"Now let swift pinions of imagination skim through the space of years: for we must not linger to detail the scenes which then occurred at Paris. There again I saw the enchantress of my young heart, Rosalba—but I must say no more. The dissipations of the court of Lewis the XVth, have been too often and too well described; and it would be only to repeat scenes of profligacy, miscalled pleasure, and to disclose intrigues, under the name of diplomatic policy, to narrate the story of Rosalba. Memory, however, extorts a heartfelt sigh to the departed shade of that beauty, who first caused my heart to throb with love's delightful joys and sorrows. Farewell, Rosalba, frail as thou wast fair! Oh, Paris! Oh memory of youthful joys! Oh, Rosalba!

"It would be to undertake the task of an Historian, were I to attempt a sketch of the events and scenes which came within my knowledge, in consequence of my extraordinary connection with Salvini. To History itself must I rather refer for a detailed account of that great epoch, which Salvini so accurately predicted. In 1773, Clement the XIVth inflicted the final blow upon the Order, by his decree for its suppression; and in 1775 died Ricci, in the Castle of St. Angelo, where he was imprisoned.* Salvini still continued to play his game of double policy with astonishing success. He deluded the Ex-Jesuits, by occasionally assisting such of their designs from their own secret wealth, as did not militate against his own ambition; and he equally deluded the *suppressors*, by holding out to them the necessity of his appearing to countenance certain of

* See notes.

the secret cabals of the Jesuits, as the best means of defeating them.

" But the key to such a vast portion of their wealth, which he had so adroitly obtained from Ricci, was not sufficient for his avarice or his ambition. He had purposes to serve in the remotest corners of the globe; and it was my lot, in consequence, to visit them, and thus to gather knowledge beyond all I had hitherto acquired.

" An absence of several years from Europe was occupied in the most interesting travels, both in North and South America, an account of which, may here-hereafter furnish matter for the conversation of our fire sides.

" To some future period must also be reserved, the ample narrative which Lancaster has seen of my travels over land to India—my romantic expedition to the coast of Guinea, and the marvellous events that befel me during my resi-

dence among the Africans. I found the emissaries of Jesuits, in the states of North America, plotting both with and against the British loyalists; and they abounded both at Mexico and Peru. I met with them in the African settlements, under the guise of missionaries trafficking in slaves and in gold. I drew the means of traveling from Jesuits, through my whole route from Turkey to Hindostan, where they flourished in various disguises; and in each and all of these places I found means to receive his commands, and to transmit to him intelligence and riches.

"During the whole of the period which these wanderings occupied, including several years, the Marquis di Salvini and I continued to keep up a correspondence, with an exactness that would be deemed incredible by any one unacquainted with the systems of the Jesuits.*

* See notes.

"What were the ultimate views of Salvini, or to what objects his ambition pointed, constantly occupied my thoughts in various parts of the world; but year after year rolled away, without throwing one ray of light upon his dark designs.

"To suppose that he foresaw the horrible convulsions which, since that epoch, have shaken the governments of the continent, would, perhaps, be deemed a flight of imagination too absurd to be indulged! And yet, when I retrace the progress of this extraordinary man, and find him mingling unseen in all the various political cabals which, from the death of Ricci, in 1775, led by regular succession to the commencement, in 1789, of the most sanguinary revolution that ever disgraced the annals of mankind; and when, in every subsequent scene of that horrid drama, I beheld him prompting the principal performers, though not appearing himself upon the revolutionary stage; when I call to mind the pro-

digious treasures which he lavished in promoting the campaigns of one General, and in frustrating the plans of another, from the appearance of La Fayette to the Consulship of Buonaparte, I cannot resist the conjecture, however marvellous it may appear, that Salvini contemplated something like the scenes that have occurred, (scenes in which, beyond all doubt, the Jesuits were active agents) when he said to me, in his cabinet at Naples:—'*Warriors*, may slay their tens of thousands, but GOLD COMMANDS THE SWORD!'

"Now waving conjectures, let us recur to facts, and passing by events, which belong to History rather than to Biography, let us confine ourselves to scenes necessary to the elucidation of events connected with the subject of this Memoir.

SCENE VI.

"Often as I had had occasion to observe the workings of Salvini's mind in the strong expressions of his countenance, I had never beheld so clear a demonstration of a disappointed spirit, as was displayed in his whole visage on the memorable occasion, when, for the last time, I saw him.

"An especial messenger from Paris had been closetted with him for above an hour; and when the audience was over, I was summoned. As I entered the cabinet, he was standing with his arms folded, his head reclined upon his heaving bosom, and his eyes fixed on the floor.

"Presently, starting from his reverie, 'Is it you?' he exclaimed, 'Oh, Belvidere!'

"The deep-drawn sigh that accompanied this exclamation, the quivering of his frame, and the mingled sentiments of mortified ambition, and harrowing remorse,

apparent in his countenance, produced altogether an effect upon my mind far beyond my powers of description.

" Relapsing into soliloquy, he murmured out the words—

"'Foiled, foiled—for ever blighted are my ambitious hopes! I calculated—I rested—I reposed—I slept upon the caution and fidelity of the crafty Abbé! And now *he*, who in all the gone-by storms of this tempestuous period, has coiled himself up in safe obscurity—he now comes forth and, for the first time, publicly worships this military phantom! Who, and what, is this Hero of the Hour? A mere soldier of fortune! Yes, *'tis plain the sword triumphs*, and the subtle Abbé perceives the crisis! But 'twas intolerable insolence, to send his overtures to me! Presumptuous fool, to dare to pen down conditions to Salvini, on which this traitor to the Jacobins, this embryo Emperor may be induced graciously to extend his patronage to me. Alas! ill-fated

Italy, thy hour is not yet come, nor is Salvini, as he once wildly dreamed, destined to be thy liberator !'

"Then turning to me, he continued, 'You know, Eugene, the toil—you know the wealth it cost me, to remove out of the circle of my operations this restless and ambitious soldier! Oh, how my soul triumphed when he sailed for Egypt's pestilential shores! I struck his name out of the list of living obstacles to my long-fostered hopes, and numbered him among the ghosts of warriors, who haunt the banks of Nile! Was that hope the flattering delusion of a dream; or is the age of necromancy now revived? Escaping pestilence and the sword—avoiding all the perils of the ocean, and of hostile fleets—braving the hate and ignominy attached to Generals who desert their army, this soldier of fortune returns to snatch a sceptre, that has mocked my grasp! Cursed be the gales that wafted him to Europe! Why—

why did he not perish in the solitudes of Palestine?

" 'Eugene, the tortures that now rack this bosom are inconceivable by all, save only those lofty daring spirits, who have formed embryos of ambition gigantic as Salvini's; and have been doomed, like him, to witness their abortion at the very moment of their expected birth.—He, who in Asia, scrupled not to call himself the Prophet of Mahomet, will not fail, if it suit his purpose, to summon to his standard the scattered members of the invisible republic of the Jesuits. Already have mysterious warnings reached me, that the treasures Ricci entrusted to my keeping, *are wanted for the service of the Order*, now about to range under the banners of some *new Father General*, who promises the splendour of empire to the Faithful. This may be the Consul, Buonaparte, or it may be that soldier's most inveterate foe! I do not *fear*, (for fear is a

stranger to this breast) but I *understand these warnings*. I know the genius of the Order too well to despise them. A military chief, capable of protecting them, has appeared —and I shall vanish. Whether he be assenting to the desired public restitution of the Order, or whether his emissaries, who are my enemies, use the promise as a bait, the effect to me *will be the same*; and the nature of the dispatches from the Abbé, which I have just received and answered, *fix my determination!*

"Years have rolled over us, since the day fate threw you in my power—I have not been insensible to your detestation of my service, which has rendered your fidelity more noble. Whilst there remained a hope of the accomplishment of my great purpose, that hope held you my victim, as fast as the fatal folds of the dreadful Laocoon. Now MY DESPAIR HAS SET YOU FREE. In those depositories where, for my use, you lodged the wealth I have entrusted to you,

that wealth still remains. My death will transfer those treasures solely to yourself — no other hand can touch them! THEY ARE YOUR'S — use them according to the impulse of your own benevolent heart. To me too late comes remorse for a life worse than wasted in ambitious dreams, that have proved a fiery hell to my tortured soul. Go thou into the world with all the means of doing good, which this wealth affords you. Benevolence is in you an active principle, which I have only known by name. I have pursued a shadow, that has mocked my hopes—I have lived in misery, and I die unblessed!'

"In a few days after this declaration the Marquis di Salvini was no more! Whether the invisible arm of Jesuitism, or the fiend despair administered the chalice of death, I am still doubtful.

* * * *

"O'er the next period of my eventful

life a veil must long remain, and probably may never be by me withdrawn.

"Respect for the recent dead, and justice to many still existing characters, who figured on the stage, which Europe, during that period, presented, forbid the narrative of my adventures in Russia, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, as well as the disclosure of my correspondences with England.

"It is enough to say, that in all these places I have, under various disguises, endeavoured to use the magic power (which I soon discovered that I *actually possessed*) for such purposes, as appeared to my humble judgment, best adapted to serve the cause of truth, of justice, reason, and humanity!

"In prisons as well as palaces, in camps and in hospitals, much of that period has been passed. I could harrow up the soul with horror at scenes of revolutionary anarchy in Paris—of sanguinary massacres in ungrateful Spain, nor would one of the least terrible be, that which marked the eparture of the spirit of the wretch,

Effington, of whose immense wealth I fortunately deprived the *secret treasury of the Inquisition.*

" But here let the curtain drop. Away—away with all the gloomy scenery and horrid apparatus of Jesuitism and of Jacobinism, of Despotism and of Anarchy! Remove the Inquisition dungeons — the revolutionary guillotines — and clear the stage of masks, and chains—of poisoned chalices and bloody daggers.

SCENE VII.

" Now let the curtain rise again. Behold a scene in beautifully wild, and tranquilly sublime, Switzerland! That cottage at the mountain's base, is the abode of the most excellent of men, of David Delmont.

" Oh! for a pen that might do justice to the character of Delmont! A sage, without the pride of wisdom—a philanthropist, without display of feeling—a patriot without clamour—a pious worshipper of the SUPREME, without parade of

piety. During my residence under his honoured roof, from the society and history of Delmont, it was my happiness to acquire a far deeper and juster knowledge of human nature; of the various political institutions, and of the actual condition of the world, than falls to the lot of many to obtain.

"Delmont had resided many years in my beloved England, where, as a merchant, he had acquired a considerable fortune, and had associated with several celebrated British Public characters, with whom, at this period, he kept up a rich and varied correspondence. Thus, while the British press presented us with the sketches of events as they passed before the general view, it was our privilege to gather from the private communications of several of the great actors themselves, a truer insight into British affairs, than many of the inhabitants of Britain.

"Among other valuable correspondents of Delmont, not the least extraordinary,

was his countryman and friend, J. L. De Lolme, the author of the celebrated treatise on the English Constitution, who, from a variety of circumstances, we both believed to be a principal instrument in the mysterious production of the political letters of the UNKNOWN JUNIUS.

Even before my sojourn with Delmont, I had always cherished in my breast the warmest love for my native England; but now the study of its constitution and its laws, in the writings and correspondence of De Lolme, and many others, and the contrast which such a self-renovating system of human liberty and government exhibited to the baseless fabrics of visionary freedom, alternately rising and falling with the elevation and overthrow of successive revolutionary demagogues, could not fail to impress my understanding with a sublime veneration for the BRITISH CONSTITUTION, equal to the love which my heart felt for the British soil!

"From my cradle I had been taught,

by honest farmer Wilson, to worship LIBERTY, as the primary good of man. Not all the sophistry of slavish foreigners had been able to shake my constancy to BRITISH LIBERTY; but the useless horrors of the French Revolution, undertaken in that sacred name, had engendered doubts whether *every State* was capable of enjoying freedom.

" 'Ah! happy England,' said Delmont, 'knew she her own happiness, in possessing a POLITICAL CONSTITUTION such as the philosophers of antiquity saw in imagination, but pronounced impracticable. Well, and piously, has De Lolme described it, when he says:—

" 'Let us not ascribe to the confined views of man, to his imperfect sagacity, the discovery of *this important secret.* The world might have grown old, generations might have succeeded generations, still seeking it in vain. It has been by a *fortunate conjunction of circumstances*, I will add by the *assistance*

of a favourable situation, that LIBERTY has at last been able to erect herself a temple. Being sheltered, as it were, within a citadel, Liberty reigns over a Nation, which is the better entitled to her favours, as it endeavours to extend her empire, and carries with it to every part of its dominion the blessings of industry and equality. When the world shall have again been laid waste by conquerors, it will still continue to shew Mankind, not only the *principle* that ought to unite them, but what is of no less importance, the FORM under which they ought to be united. And the philosopher, when he reflects on what is constantly the fate of civil Societies amongst men, and observes with concern the numerous and powerful causes which seem, as it were, unavoidably to conduct them all to a state of incurable political slavery, takes comfort in seeing that LIBERTY has at last disclosed her secret to mankind; and, in BRITAIN, secured an ASYLUM TO HERSELF.'

"Such was the picture of the ENGLISH CONSTITUTION, drawn by De Lolme, nearly half a century ago. I was enraptured with it when I first studied it; and after all the experience I have since obtained, I still cling to it, as that model of RATIONAL FREEDOM, which is most worthy of imitation by every national family of the human race! Execrated be the memory of those base Statesmen, who, upon whatever pretence, have attempted to violate the GLORIOUS CHARTER; and accursed for ever be the sacrilegious wretch, that shall hereafter meditate the least abridgment of that constitution, HEAVEN'S *best boon to man*!

"With such impressions of the British government, and with a genuine love of my native soil, I anxiously contemplated a return to England. The treaty of Amiens, which gave a respite, too short, alas! to the horrors of a sanguinary war, seemed to offer me the desired opportunity. The

Jesuit Bonoretti had long before that epoch, *shuffled off his mortal coil*;' and excepting the amiable Delmont, I had no individual attachment in this wide world. My mind, however, had often, in pleasing contemplation, turned towards the scenes of my boyish days; and I promised myself something like pleasure in the rewards I meditated to bestow on the benevolent, and truly English-hearted family at *South Farm*; and now and then indulged in dreams of discovery of my parents, I had mentioned my design of visiting England to my friend Delmont, and had extracted a promise from him to accompany me.

SCENE VIII.

It was now the autumn of 1802, the only autumn during twenty years, that peace had smiled upon the shores of England, and Delmont and myself were on the eve of our departure from Switzerland, when one afternoon we were surprised by

the arrival of a messenger in haste from an aged and venerable Recluse, known by the name of Veroni, who resided in a small solitary cottage about half a mile from Delmont's habitation.

"Veroni was fast approaching his last moments when Delmont arrived at the side of his couch. 'Pardon me,' faintly exclaimed Veroni, 'pardon me, the trouble I occasion you; but you will have the goodness to recollect the conversation we had some few years ago on the bench before your cottage, when, after listening to my complaints against the destinies, you kindly assented to the request I made you to become the executor of my last will. The lamp of life is now all but extinguished. I deposit in your hands,' continued he, as he delivered a small packet, 'my last testament, and intreat you to remember your engagement.

"In a few hours afterwards Veroni expired in the arms of a faithful old Swiss,

who had long been his sole companion and domestic.

"The worthy Delmont opened the packet in my presence. It contained a small portfolio in which were some drawings and papers with this letter:

"'MOST EXCELLENT DELMONT,

"'From the world of spirits I now address you, who are yet an inhabitant of the earth. You stand pledged before recording angels to fulfil this my last will and testament. Remember, and be faithful.

"'I die possessed of little worldly store. The account inclosed will direct you where to find, and how to dispose of it. My cottage and the garden I give to my faithful servant Clarens, while he lives, and my wish is, that after his decease they may become the property of some virtuous man, who will engage to preserve in all its natural beauty, the GRAVE IN THE GARDEN, where rest the hallowed relics of an unfor-

tunate friend, near which, my WILL IS, that my bones be laid.

" ' Confiding in your honour for the performance of your engagement made to me, I now proceed to perform mine to you, in narrating my history, and explaining the story of the drawings, which have so frequently excited your curiosity. My name I disguise—the tale in all other respects is true.

" ' I was born in England of wealthy parents—but being a younger brother, was educated for the army, and passed much of my youth in absence from my native soil. It was my lot, however, to be in England in the memorable year, when the young Pretender raised the standard of his father in the Isles of Scotland; and my virgin sword was drawn at the battle of Culloden. At that epoch there were several English families who secretly espoused the cause of the Pretender. Among them was the Chief of an honour-

able and ancient house, a Baronet, with whose lovely daughter I became enamoured; and it was my happiness to know I was beloved by her. We were both too young, and both too deep in love, to let the obstacles, arising from a difference in the religion and the politics of our fathers, prevent our union; and a clandestine marriage was the consequence.

" ' Soon after the indissoluble tie was formed, events occurred, which forbad the most remote idea of hope, that the father of my bride would ever pardon our *acknowledged* error; and too well knowing that his anger would have destroyed his daughter, concealment became inevitable, and all the evils and terrors of clandestine child-birth were the unhappy consequences of a clandestine marriage.

" ' A child was born but to be torn from the parent that should have nourished it, and committed to a stranger's care!

" ' The very following morn to that most

agonizing night, when, in inevitable mystery I left the innocent pledge of our unhappy love, hoping each day to watch, unknown, the progress of my boy, until the hour arrived, that I might own him in the face of all men; oh! fate, thy cruel turn, that very morn a royal mandate reached me, which scarcely granted me a moment's time to equip for foreign service.

" ' Alas! that absence, which, with torture, I imagined might be a year, was destined to be eternal!

" ' Employed upon an affair of secrecy and importance, in connection with an Italian agent of the British government, the villain turned traitor, and having delivered me over to the despotic power of Venice, fully secure of my perpetual imprisonment in its horrible dungeons, remitted to England, a tale of my sudden death.

" ' Imprisonment, under any circumstance, is dreadful; but with the hopes and fears of a husband and a father, which

at that crisis filled my soul, to be suddenly plunged *alive into a grave*; to be shut out for ever from all intercourse with mankind, oh! judge the horror and despair of such a situation; if, indeed, your heart can endure the imagination of such agonizing tortures as in reality lacerated mine!

" ' Alternately the ravings and the sullenness of despair marked the wretchedness of my soul. Now fires of phrenzy spread through each artery, and burnt in every vein; and now cold grief pressed on my heart its icy hand, benumbing every sense and faculty. In this state, like a dream of horror, passed away five lustres of my life; when, on a sudden, one day the doors of my cemetery were thrown open, and an angel of deliverance appeared in the form of an English naval officer!

The traitorous Italian, who had inflicted on me barbarities, infinitely more cruel than the worst of deaths, seized with remorse, had made a confession of his

crime to a priest, who had transmitted the particulars to my friends in England, and the result was my deliverance from those horrible dungeons in which, from 1748 to 1773, I had been incarcerated.

" ' But, oh! fate, what mockery was this deliverance!

" ' I was restored to the world only to learn, that all the dear objects to behold, whom I chiefly coveted, that restoration were phantoms that *had appeared and vanished!* Ten years my wife had lived and mourned me with a silent sorrow, which, at length, consumed her — she died, and was buried with the secret of our marriage unrevealed!

" ' My father and my elder brother were descended into the tomb—a nephew, born after the period of my supposed death, possessed the mansion and estate, and was then on the eve of marriage. But oh, my unfortunate son! How shall I describe my

crime? How palliate the abandonment of my infant boy?

" ' Where was the wonder, that as soon as he could form an idea of his deserted and dependent state, he felt a spark of that spirit that once animated his wretched sire!

" ' At ten years old he quitted the asylum of the farmer with whom I left him, and went abroad with an Italian Jesuit, the confessor of a neighbouring Baronet.

" ' I traced him to the palace of a Cardinal at Rome; but from his protection also he clandestinely departed; and from that period of his existence no tidings of my deserted son have I, with all my efforts, been able to procure.

" ' What, then, was the world to me? A desert—a dreary wilderness—a place of penance and of lamentation. I formed a resolution to renounce every intercourse with any individual, to whom I had been ever known in my real character—and

fixed upon the seclusion of this cottage, where, under the name of Erasmus Veroni, I have enjoyed the only satisfaction that life can yield me; calm retirement, and unmolested meditation, on the memory of a blessed martyr, and in romantic hopes of one day beholding, by some miracle, our injured child!'

* * * *

At this part of the Memoir, Mr. Oldways was unable longer to restrain the expressions of the strong emotions which had been gradually rising in his breast, as he compared incident by incident, the extraordinary story that Lancaster recited.

"Wonderful Providence!" exclaimed the worthy Oldways.—"In this mysterious and benevolent stranger, then, I find a lineal descendant of our ancient house. Mr. Lyttleton must surely be the son of my father's brother!"

"And the son of my grandfather's sister," exclaimed the Countess St. Orville.

SCENE IX.

At this moment Lyttleton unexpectedly returned, introducing the foreign officer, who appeared so mysteriously at the library at Flimflamton.

After the exclamations and salutations naturally arising from such a disclosure—

"Of myself," said Lyttleton, "there is little more to tell. Veroni's grave Lady St. Orville saw. The Jesuit's trunk is now no more a mystery; and the interest I took in her welfare, as a monitor, at our several meetings, which afterwards occurred during the period of her Ladyship's tour in Switzerland, and again at Venice, will be satisfactorily explained by my knowledge, that the father with whom she travelled, was the nephew of my unfortunate mother!

Scarcely had the last offices of filial

piety been performed by a son; whose singular destiny it was thus to discover the author of his being, only in time to drop pity and affection's mingled tears upon his senseless corpse, when Delmont, the only confidant of his history, sickened, and in a few weeks died.

"Thus left alone, with only the faithful Swiss of my deceased father, I was myself slowly recovering from a fit of sickness, the consequence of strongly exciting incidents, when the amiable, but gay and juvenile, traveller, '*Eliza Beaumont, the apron-string appendage to an invalid aunt, and pennyless appendant of a penurious papa,*' on their route through Switzerland, found me at *Veroni's cottage.* I meditated an immediate return to England. But, alas! DÆMONS at that very moment were preparing hecatombs of human victims, sacrifices for the infernal altars of ambition! The flames of war quickly spread again through Europe, and I became a wanderer, amidst

the dreadful desolations, aiming with sincerest efforts to devote the riches, which, by a mysterious key, I commanded in every Capital, to an alleviation of the worst of human miseries.—Sometimes passing for a citizen of the United States of America, sometimes for an Italian, and sometimes for a Spaniard, I have, during these last twelve years, retained a domicil in each of the Belligerent States; and in that period have been eye-witness of events, as marvellous as any which the page of History records.

"In these events, involving the fate of nations and of sovereigns, this gentleman, by birth a Spaniard, whom I have had the honour to introduce to this circle, has taken a glorious and praise-worthy part—fruitless, however, as far as yet appears, in behalf of his native soil, which is still destined to feed Monks and Jesuits! But his history is also interwoven with that of the unfortunate Augusta Moreton,

whose story is depicted in the drawings, which occasioned you, Mr. Oldways, so much agitation, and which Delmont received from the *soi-disant* Veroni.

"That beautiful, but giddy child of nature, you need not be told, *one fatal day*, absconding from the protection of her brother, Sir Roger Moreton, found an asylum at the mansion of your friend, Sir Godfrey Bradshaw, where she was privately married to the brother of this gentleman, then on a visit at Bradshaw Hall. You may remember, that some time afterwards he was compelled, on pressing business, to visit Switzerland; and during his absence the ill-fated Augusta died. Her husband received the tidings of her death with anguish amounting to despair; and accidentally encountering my father in his retirement, from the similarity of their feelings of deep grief, he resolved to become the companion of the supposed Veroni's seclusion from the world.

"Indulging in the extravagant fancy of seeing and possessing the corpse of his wife, that scene occurred, which is displayed in the last of those drawings, which, to contemplate, became the melancholy-pleasing occupation of his solitary hours.

"Though not quite half the age of my father, the wild, deep grief of the Spaniard carried him first to the grave—to that GRAVE IN THE GARDEN, where now rest the relics of ALPHONSO and AUGUSTA, with those of my unfortunate sire!

"Thus, then, you behold before you the MYSTERIOUS STRANGER, no longer veiled as Martelli, Belvidere, or Lyttleton, but in the character to which his birth entitles him, an ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, and with a family name of which he is justly proud.

"When the Dove of Peace once more rested on my native island, I waited not a moment ere I flew, under the shelter of her wing, to England. I landed, with

what feelings I will not attempt to paint, upon that happy soil, where yet no foreign foe, nor civil traitor, has drawn the blood of its peculiarly-favoured sons! Without precise or detailed purpose, but with a general design of playing the MAGICIAN by the means of WEALTH, I arrived in London; and by accident, shall I call it, became the momentary inmate of that house from which Mr. Lancaster had not then departed.—*The rest you know.*

"In selecting as my home the mansion of the family of the Moretons, I have been influenced by feelings of local attachment and respect; but as I mean to devote the wealth with which I am entrusted, to a more general promotion of happiness, and a wider research after misery, than can be effected by a fixed residence any where, I have obtained the consent of Mr. Lancaster, after *certain nuptial ceremonies*, which I foresee will speedily take place, to accompany me on a leisurely

survey of Great Britain for the fulfilment of these purposes.

" In the mean time the *Bankruptcy* of *Mr. Flimflam*, which will be announced this evening, will occasion such an accumulation of distress in this immediate district, that I earnestly request the active co-operation of all present, in applying the MAGIC OF REAL WEALTH, in order to counteract the evils, which have originated in, or resulted from, the tricks and delusions of selfish impostors.

" Happy will it be for old England, for the British empire, for the Civilized World, when the manœuvres of such mischievous speculators as Flimflam shall be no longer successful; and when the character and conduct of such men as Mr. OLDWAYS shall be rightly understood, duly honoured, and generally imitated !"

FINIS.

NOTES.

NOTES.

[*Extracted from Varieties of Literature.*]

"The plan of the republic of the Jesuits was so contrived, that it arose to the supreme degree of power, and was incapable of being destroyed but by itself. They had actually brought it to such a pitch, that the mightiest monarchs were obedient to their nod. All, from the menial servant to the prime minister, were their creatures, and acted by their impulse. They drew the outlines of the greatest projects, and the execution or the defeat of them was always in their hands. Wars and peace among the nations depended on their will. In the church, their towering head ascended to the stars. Popes, cardinals, and bishops, did obeisance to their authority, and the rest of the orders lay under their feet. Even the election of popes, and their administration, were the work of their hands. They declined the sovereign dignity; because it is always greater to play with it at pleasure, and a secret power is ever more formidable than an ostensible authority. Their arms extended over all the four quarters of the globe. Their colleges in the East and West Indies were uniformly governed on the same principles. They were ever animated by

one soul, and actuated by one spirit. Rome was the centre of their dominion, and the seat of the despots whom all men implicitly obeyed.

"Their grandeur was built on the abuse of religion, which they metamorphosed according to the demands of the times, to the taste of all ranks and persons, and in every case to the promotion of their own advantage. Their system was founded on the natural weakness of mankind, who, one way or other, resolve to be deceived. They employed the same means with those who make use of their stronger intellect, to gain the command over feeble souls. Stupidity, simplicity, and ignorance, in the great as well as in the small, was the sure foundation whereon they built. In the country and in towns, in the courts of princes and the families of private persons, they insinuated themselves with the pliancy of a serpent, charmed their benefactors and friends with their enchanting breath, and bound them like another Laocoon, hand and foot, within their folds. The greatest and most righteous monarchs of the world were not exempted from their sway. They trembled before them, and thought themselves not strong enough to force through their webs.

"All the wheels of this dangerous machine acquired their movement by the single spring of a blind obedience towards the Pere General. For conducting themselves conformably to their destination, it

was necessary that this elevated person should perfectly possess all the qualities proper for a regent of such a species: he should be quick-sighted and crafty, without passions and prejudice, vigilant, active, and indefatigable, indulgent and complying towards the mighty, intriguing, circumspect, resolute and firm.

" The last general, Lorenzo Ricci, besides the spirit of intrigue, by which he forced himself into that arduous post, possessed none of the foremention ed qualities.

" From pride and arrogance, he was totally ignorant both of himself and his vocation; and his deportment towards the great was like that of the emperor of China. Did the Swiss come into his chamber, and say: Reverendissimo! the cardinal York waits below at the gate, and is desirous of speaking with you: he answers: To-day I give audience to no one. To-day is the general post-day to all the four quarters of the world. Five or six of my viceroys in the East and West Indies are expecting my orders.———The Swiss: The cardinal protector of the Spanish crown has received dispatches from his court, which he requests permission to communicate to you. General: Send him away, and appoint him to-morrow.——— Swiss: Half a dozen bishops in partibus, and as many monsignori in naturalibus, will take no denial. General: The generation of vipers! I am not at home. ———Swiss: The pretender of England desires ad-

mission. General: Let his pretending majesty be pleased to wait, till I have finished this letter to his actual majesty the king of Spain.———Swiss: A little hump-back eminence has stopt below before the college, to announce to you, that his holiness, the sovereign pontiff, would be happy to converse with you for half an hour. General: His holiness may have patience till I have finished the post.

"In the latter years of the reign of Benedict XIV. when heavy complaints were brought from all parts of the world, particularly from Portugal, against the society, this enlightened and peaceable pontiff represented to him, in the liveliest colours, the dangers which threatened his order, if he did not in time set forward a proper reform. 'The most potent monarchs,' said he, 'are now concerting the measures for exterminating your fraternity, unless you amend the defects and vices with which you are charged. The temporal arm has already pronounced your sentence. You have powerful enemies in the bosom of the church. The superior clergy hate you. The cardinal protectors of crowns may not be your friends with the several monarchs they serve. All the orders of monks are your deadly foes. They will at length raise one of their body to the chair of St. Peter, for bringing your order to ruin. Your maxims, and the spirit which animates you in all your designs and actions are too universally known. All the opposition you may

make will only serve the more to exasperate your foes, already too potent, till at last you bring on your demolition with redoubled violence, by making them hasten their plot, after deepening their contrivances. No pope will be able to save you. I myself, should ere this have been the instrument of your extirpation, if the mightiest monarchs had not loved me too much to force me to embitter the few days I have yet to live with this odious undertaking. I myself, with uplifted hands, implore you to resolve on a signal reformation. You will still be conspicuous beyond the rest of the orders. But, when once the ax which is now laid to the root, shall have given the final stroke, you will be reduced to nothing; and so many estimable persons, who at present do honour to your society, will wander about like dispersed sheep, and sigh out their days in languor and disgust.'

"To this fatherly admonition, Ricci was as blind and deaf as a hardened Pharaoh.

"Had Benedict XIV. been succeeded by a pope of the same dispositions, the reform so much insisted on by the Portugueze court and the house of Bourbon, would have doubtless been brought to effect. But, as pope Rezzonico, and his state-secretary Torrigiani, made common cause with the pere general, to withstand the equitable demands of those confederate powers, they dallied no longer about a reform, but attacked the society with all the forces they could

raise, and pursued it to its utter destruction. The successful opposition of this headstrong but feeble triumvirate, induced them to drive the Jesuits out of all their dominions. Though by this the society of Jesus was deprived of its arms and legs, and its corpulent body was bleeding at every vein; the haughty spirit of Ricci provoked the angry courts to redouble their mortal blows, by papal rescripts and insulting libels. He persuaded the pope to issue the pompous apostolical bull, which confirmed his order in all its privileges in defiance of all the monarchs upon earth, justified it in every particular, and extolled it to the skies in lofty panegyrics. Strongly enveloped in his pontifical holiness, and replete with the blind conceit, that the cause of his order was the cause of the church of Rome, he gave himself up to the most scandalous excesses. He evinced that his pertinacious resistance was not founded on the love of his order, but solely on self-interested motives and views of ambition.

"It was easy to be foreseen, that, after the death of pope Rezzonico, the monarchs concerned would employ all their faculties to elevate one who was disposed to forward their views as the successor in the apostolical throne. There was not one of the whole sacred college, who, in the affair of the Jesuits, had declared himself so much in favour of the foreign courts, as Ganganelli. His vote in the congregations that had been held on that subject had ever been for

complying with their urgent demands. They were now so accustomed to this uniform conduct, that his opinion was no longer asked. 'I am excluded from their consultations, said he once to cardinal Cavalchini; but I know all that passes. The business can come to no good issue. If the court of Rome will preserve its dignity, it must absolutely keep upon terms with the princes of Bourbon, and favour their wishes. Their arms extend over the Pyrennees and the Alps.' He has been more than once heard to say: A spiritual order, which the catholic powers are no longer inclined to tolerate, must be abolished. It was well-known, that, while yet a Minorite, he never burnt incense to the society of Jesus, and while lecturer of theology in his order, in the public disputations he had several times combated their theological tenets.

"Hence it appears to have been an unpardonable negligence in the general Ricci, who had so much the ascendant with pope Rezzonico that he could gain any point for the benefit of his order, in not circumventing him in his promotion to the cardinal's hat. Since, upon the demise of Rezzonico, cardinal Chigi, an egregious bigot to his order, had already so many voices in the conclave, he should have unlocked all his treasures, and set every spring in motion, either to insure himself the favour of cardinal de Bernis, who sided with the house of Bourbon, or to have weakened

his party. Was it likely, that a man, who, from the humble station of a poor abbé, had arrived at the high office of minister of state and cardinal, by female intrigue, and only lived at Rome, because it was resolved to forbid him the court of France, that such a man was not to be seduced to either side? But Ricci, from the extravagant favour he had enjoyed during the former pontificate, and from the fond imagination he had perpetually cherished, that the chair of St. Peter could not subsist without the support of his brotherhood, was so much intoxicated with his own fancied sufficiency, that he thought he had no need of using any extraordinary means for maintaining his order entire. He was fully persuaded that the interests of the court of Rome were so intimately blended with its prosperity, that no pontiff, of what order soever he were, could once seriously intend its destruction.

"Cardinal de Bernis found means to detach cardinal Rezzonico, nephew to the great protector of the Jesuits, from Chigi's party. This grand advantage cost him no more than a dose of that honied eloquence which so strongly marks his discourses. Lorenzo Ganganelli was raised to the pontificate."

"There went about a report at that time, and many affirm it still, that Ganganelli was chosen, on condition that he should extirpate the society of Jesus. However, nothing is more true, than that the settled confidence, that he would fulfil this desire, was the

motive for chusing him with most of the electors. But, that it was stated as an express condition of his being elevated to the papal throne, can as little be credited, as that the Bourbon courts would themselves lay an obstacle in the way of their hopes. An election so managed, and a condition from a pope so elected, whereby so powerful a society was to be dissolved, would have been contested on all sides, and finally annulled. Ganganelli's known way of thinking was a far greater security, than a formal promise; for even Sixtus V. had promised it, but fell off from his word.

"Ganganelli evinced, in the sequel, that he effected the dissolution of the society, not with the hasty authority of an articled magistrate, but in consequence of a mature and impartial investigation of the merits of the cause. 'Give me time to examine into this important affair, on which I am to pronounce a decisive decree:' was his answer to the earnest solicitations of the house of Bourbon. 'I am the common father of all the orthodox, particularly the religious, and cannot annihilate a famous order, without such motives as will be my justification in the sight of God and of the world.' That he might make no false step in this arduous business, he convoked a peculiar deputation of five impartial cardinals and two or three learned prelates, appointed experienced advocates to plead in behalf of the Jesuits, and instituted a formal pro-

cess, that terminated in a sentence, which, after a long investigation, he confirmed, as sovereign judge.

" Before, however, he took this definitive measure, he required of pere general Ricci, that he would at once proceed to a thorough reform of his order. But he still adhered to his old device : Sint ut sunt, aut non sint. Such pertinacity, as it exceeds all bounds, almost surpasses belief. It is something similar to the inflexible stubbornness of a Simon at the siege of Jerusalem. The benevolent Titus offered him peace ; the city and temple being now in his hands ; if he would but submit, with the remaining inhabitants, to the obedience of the Roman people. But no ; he would rather the city were reduced to a heap of ruins, and the whole nation of the Jews exterminated, than profit by the emperor's grace.

" Had Ricci had the benefit of the society at heart, he would surely have averted its total overthrow, by submitting it to any reform, even though it might probably be attended with considerable loss : like a prudent mariner, who, without hesitation, casts the costliest treasures into the surges of the sea, as the price of redemption for his ship and his life. The church herself has no need to decline a reform, if she has started aside from the path of discipline. There are numerous examples of respectable orders who have submitted to undergo a reform. Under this pretext the society would have renovated its vigour, and always have pur-

sued its former course. Was the fraternity of Jesus accused with justice of certain faults? it was but reasonable, that, at least in the eyes of the world, it should seem disposed to correct them. Was it innocent of the charge? then the ready adoption of reform would have tended to confirm their good principles and establish their innocence. An order that refuses to submit to the conduct of the sovereign head of the church, and frowardly persists in its old ways, under the guidance of its own superior, immediately assumes the form of a sect, which has nothing less in view than the welfare of the church.

"Notwithstanding whatever could be alleged, the pere general delivered it as his final determination, that he would listen to no reform. Nay, he exerted all possible means to induce the pope to dissolve the society. While the deputation of cardinals was employed in sifting the various complaints that were brought against it, and its fate was nearly decided, he caused the most daring and scurrilous libels to be dispersed against the pope. He was abused as a spurious pontiff elected by means of simony; as a tyrant who persecuted the children of St. Ignatius with such unrelenting cruelty, for no other reason than that he might get their goods into his possession, and gratify the monarchs whose minds he had poisoned against them. The like infamous scurrilities were propagated by the Jesuits even in the convents of nuns; so that no class of persons was left

unprejudiced against the worthy Ganganelli. To intimidate him from pronouncing the definitive sentence, they sent him a letter in an unknown hand, which contained nothing more than the four letters of the alphabet P. S. S. V. [Presto sara sede vacante, the papal throne will shortly be vacant.] the signification whereof was apparent on the first inspection.

" From these hostile manœuvres the pope saw himself obliged, on publishing the bull by which the society was abolished, to have recourse to the same precautions which are used in times of the most alarming seditions. The colleges were surrounded by soldiers, and the streets were beset with pursuivants and halbardiers, to prevent resurrection and tumult. This mark of disgrace, by which such a number of worthy persons, as doubtless that order contained, were treated as dangerous insurgents, must have pierced their very souls with affliction. For this cutting calamity they had no one to thank but their impolitic general. He himself was arrested as a malefactor, and shut up in the castle of St. Angelo, where he was sometimes more severely and sometimes more gently treated, according to his change of behaviour.

" When the bull of abrogation was read to him, he turned pale, like a man on whom some unexpected calamity suddenly falls; at the same time saying, that indeed he had looked for a reform, but that he never could imagine that the total demolition of the order

was seriously intended. There was however much reason to doubt of the truth of this declaration. How could he have looked for a reform, which he had so inflexibly resisted? And is it indeed to be supposed, that an order so widely extended, and possessed of so much power, whose influence pervaded all the classes and ranks of mankind, whose maxims were indelibly impressed on the hearts of its members, wherein each individual stood bound for all, and all for each individual, was capable of a reform, unless it were voluntarily struck out by the superior of it, to whom every member had sworn implicit obedience, and which reform was required to be effectual and sincere? The deadly pallor which seized the general, on receiving the warrant of his fate, seems rather an indication of inward agony and despair at the sudden demolition of his boundless and haughty dominion. He saw himself hurled in one moment from the pinnacle of a despotical sway which was felt in every part of the world, and plunged into the depths of abasement. He, who set the proudest monarchs at defiance, and gave law to so many thousands of pietists and bigots, severed from that powerful body, and in the hands of the civil authority, which till now stood in awe both of him and his order! For bearing such a reverse without feeling his whole soul in convulsion, he was by much too feeble.

"Compelled, as he was, to renounce his dignity,

and cut off from all hope of rising again, he still might have gained some semblance of fame, had he set about distinguishing himself, in his misfortunes, by assuming the virtues of an ordinary pastor. Mankind would have been readily disposed to attribute his past failings to an incapacity for government, or to consider them as a necessary consequence of the maxims of his order. But, even as a private ecclesiastic, he exhibited no laudable character.

" The regular clergy are no more than stewards of the temporal goods committed to their care by pious souls, for their own support, or for what is held to be the service of God. The lawful magistrate can not only call them to account, but even, when necessary for the general welfare, or when the aims of their pious founders are no longer attained, may deprive them at once both of administration and possession. Accordingly, the pope had an unquestionable right to bring the pere general to account for the treasures which were not without grounds supposed to be in his college, and for all the temporal possessions, dues, and demands of it; especially, as he was obliged to maintain the ex-Jesuits of his dominions, and provide for the proper execution of the duties enjoined by the pious institutors, for example, the publick worship, and the instruction of youth. Yet in his examination, he behaved just as a man does when set upon by robbers, parting with nothing but what is extorted

from him by holding the dagger to his breast. He was, therefore, even as a private person, a dangerous member of civil society; and pope Ganganelli had a right to reply as he did, to the patrons of the brotherhood, who implored him for his release: this dangerous head must by all means be prevented from any communication with his former members; adding, that he had secret reasons for dealing so severely with him, and that it was known to God, his judge, that neither malice nor prejudice led him to this measure.

"Pius VI. on ascending the apostolical throne, was disposed to set the pere general and his fellow-prisoners at liberty, and actually alleviated their captivity. But they so much abused the indulgence of the pontif, by private epistles, and ensnaring speeches, that he found himself obliged to treat them with the former severity. Ricci died in the year 1775, in the castle of St. Angelo, lamented by none but the blindest bigots."

PORT ROYAL SOCIETY.

[*From Curiosities of Literature.*]

"Every lover of Letters has heard of this learned Society, which (says Gibbon) contributed so much to establish in France a taste for just reasoning, simplicity of style, and philosophical method. Europe

has benefited by the labours of these learned men; but, perhaps, few have attended to their origin, and to their dissolution.

" The Society of the *Port Royal des Champs*, took this name from a valley about six leagues from Paris.

" In the year 1637, *Le Maitre*, a celebrated advocate, renounced the bar, and resigned the honour of being *Conseiller d'Etat*, which his uncommon merit had obtained him, though then only twenty-eight years of age. His brother, *De Sericourt*, who had followed the military profession, quitted it at the same time. Consecrating themselves to the service of God, they retired into a small house near *the Port Royal of Paris*. Their brothers De Sacy, De St. Elme, and De Valmont, joined them. Arnauld, one of their most illustrious associates, was induced to enter into the Jansenian Controversy, and then it was they encountered the powerful persecution of the Jesuits. Constrained to remove from that spot, they fixed their residence at *Port Royal des Champs*. There again the Court disturbed them, after a residence of little more than two months; but about a year afterwards they returned.

" With these illustrious Recluses many persons of distinguished merit now retired: and this community was called *the Society of Port Royal*.

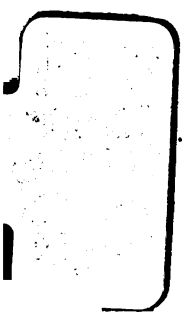
" Here were no rules, no vows, no constitution, and no cells formed. Prayer and study were their only occupations. They applied themselves to the educa-

tion of youth, and initiated the rising generation into science, and into virtue.

" Here *Racine* received his education; and, on his death-bed, desired to be buried in the cemetery of the Port Royal, at the feet of M. Hamon. An amiable instance of the Poet's sensibility! Arnauld persecuted, and dying in a foreign country, still cast his lingering looks on this beloved retreat, and left the society his heart: which was there inurned.

" Anne de Bourbon, a princess of the blood-royal, erected a house near the Port Royal, and was, during her life, the powerful patroness of these solitary and religious men: but her death in 1679, was the fatal stroke which dispersed them for ever.

" The envy and the fears of the Jesuits, and their rancour against Arnauld, who with such ability had exposed their designs, occasioned the destruction of the Port Royal Society. How caustic was the retort courteous which Arnauld gave the Jesuits—" I do not fear your *pen*, but your *pen-knife*."

" These were men whom the love of retirement united to cultivate literature, in the midst of solitude, of peace and piety. They formed a society of learned men, amongst whom a fine taste for letters and sound philosophy reigned. Alike occupied on sacred, as well as on profane writers, they edified, while they enlightened the world."

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